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NATIONAL REVIEW

AN ENGLISHMAN TRIES TO UNDERSTAND APARTHEID
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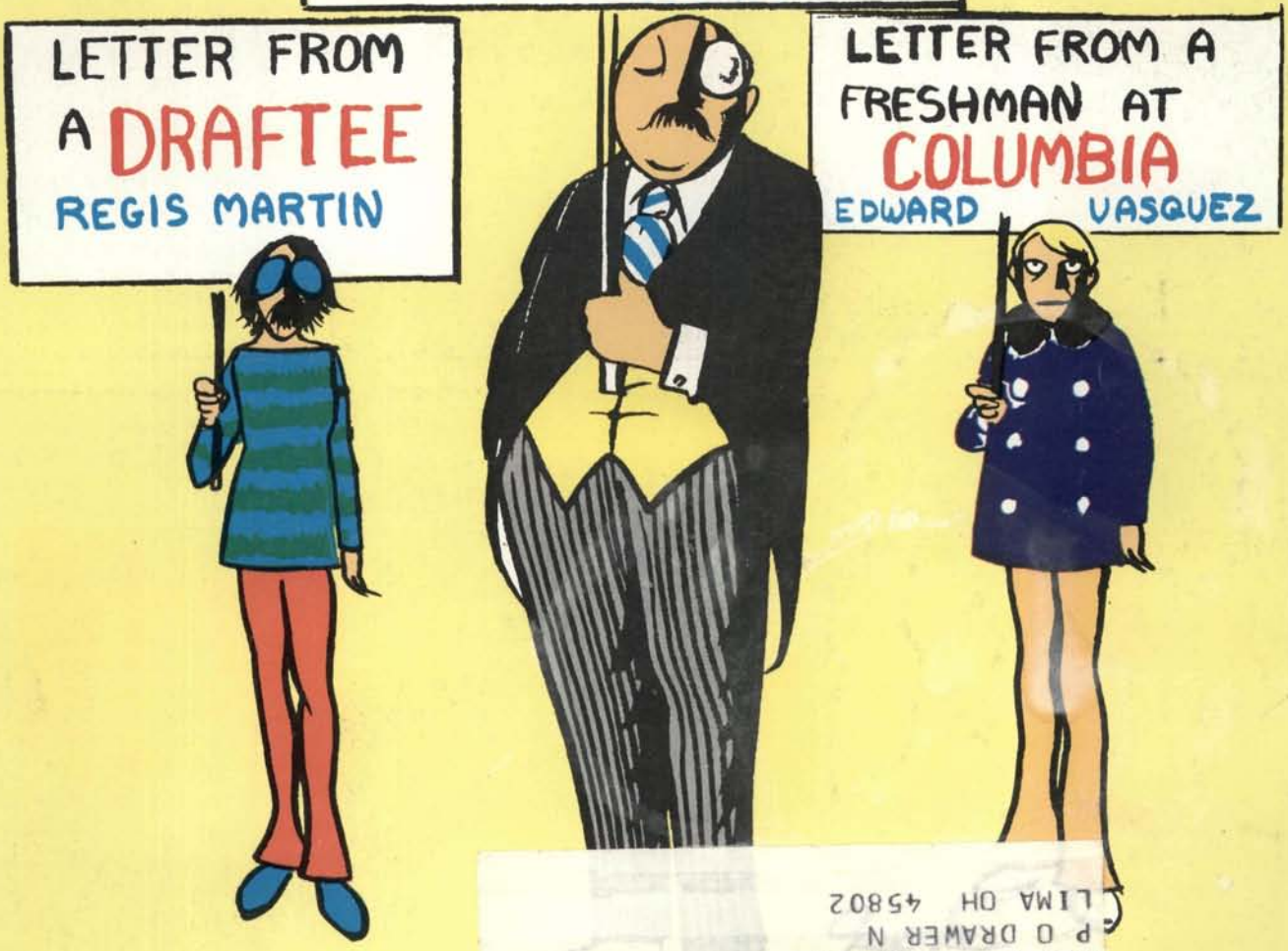
REGIS MARTIN

LETTER FROM A FRESHMAN AT COLUMBIA
EDWARD VASQUEZ



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No nation is to be trusted farther than it is bound by its interest. — *(Letter to Henry Laurens, 1778)*

To be prepared for war is one of the most effectual means of preserving peace. — *(First Annual Address, January, 1790)*

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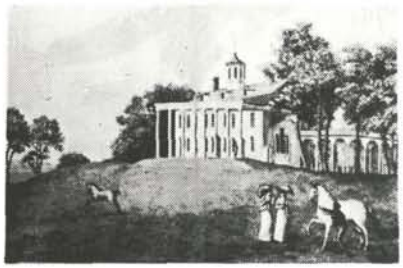

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Samuel Fraunces: *the Negro who gave Washington some of the best fetes of his life*

Half King: *George's Indian friend*

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Patrick Henry: *he could speak faster than he could think*

Gen. Henry Knox: *perhaps Washington's best general, yet curiously almost forgotten*

Lafayette: *just a boy, with all the arrogance of youth, but mon Dieu, what a fighter!*

Talleyrand: *the wily prelate-politician who always landed on the right foot, no matter who was in power*

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Mary Ball Washington: *never to earn a son's love*

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VOL. XXIII NO. 21 JUNE 1, 1971

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570 The Week

ARTICLES

581 An Englishman Tries To Understand Apartheid *by Tom Stacey*

Because of its intrinsic interest, we present a view of apartheid written by an Englishman, for a British audience. Mr. Stacey, for many years a foreign correspondent of the *Sunday Times* and other London papers, recently launched his own book publishing concern.

585 The China Question, Once Again *by Frank N. Trager*

Mr. Trager, president of the American-Asian Educational Exchange, author of *Why Vietnam?* and several other books, professor at New York University, Yale and the National War College—in short, a leading authority on Asian affairs—takes a hard look at the options open to Mr. Nixon in this period of ping-pong diplomacy.

587 Getting Used to the System *by Edward Vasquez*

The author, age seventeen, has just completed his first year at Columbia University. He will be remembered for having written to *NR*'s Editor, at age fifteen, to demand an explanation of what it means to "immanentize the eschaton." One gathers that he has Columbia at bay.

589 Who Is Al Hubbard? *by William Overend*

Why, Al Hubbard is one of the most visible of those "Vietnam Veterans against the War"—a former Air Force Captain, wounded near Danang, a black. But there are discrepancies. The author, a CBS newsman, noticed one, followed it up, found more.

590 On the Army and the Age *by Regis Martin*

A young draftee tells about basic training like it is, and why it has to be that way.

591 Dollars at a Discount *by Henry Hazlitt*

What in Heaven's name is happening to the dollar? Well, it all started back in 1944, at Bretton Woods . . .

DEPARTMENTS

580 The Protracted Conflict *by James Burnham*

More on the China Question.

593 Delectations *by David Brudnoy*

San Francisco is lovely, vibrant, exciting; see it soon, says this unreconstructed Easterner, and think about the Cities of the Plain.

594 Principles and Heresies *by Frank S. Meyer*

Freedom of speech and assembly are fine so far as they go, says Mr. Meyer—and the Mayday crazies went a whole lot farther.

608 On the Right *by Wm. F. Buckley Jr.*

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595 **BOOKS—ARTS—MANNERS**

Tibor Szamuely on the tortuous career of Marxist Georg Lukács ☐ Jameson G. Campaigne Jr., editor of the ninety-year-old *Daily Calumet* in South Chicago, reviews a hatchet-job on Mayor Daley ☐ A new pro-pot book fails to persuade S. K. Overbeck, an associate editor of *Newsweek* ☐ Franz Oppenheimer, a Washington attorney and sometime contributor to *Commentary*, reviews a great big book on the origins of Nazism ☐ Harold Taylor, late of Sarah Lawrence, knows just how to change our colleges for the better; reviewer Michael Gazzaniga is aghast ☐ Richmond Crinkley assesses the new Albee.

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FOR THE RECORD

■ More fun and games: the **National Peace Action Coalition** which staged the April 24 activities in Washington is planning another wingding nationally for the weekend of July 4. . . . Latest figures are that the ten days—April 24 to May 5—cost the city of Washington and the Federal Government $5.5 million. . . . **John Kerry**, the Vietnam vet who made such a splash on national TV, is not a newcomer to politics; he was being groomed in Massachusetts to run for Congress as liberal Democrat but withdrew in favor of Father **Robert Drinan** who made it; is now doing his level best to pull down **House Internal Security Committee**. . . . Mrs. **Louise Day Hicks** (scourge of Boston liberals) has been very quiet in first four months in Congress, but broke her silence last week: She urged her colleagues publicly to rebuke Reps. **Ronald Dellums** (D., Cal.), **Bella Abzug** (D., N.Y.), **Parren Mitchell** (D., Md.), and **Charles Rangel** (D., N.Y.) for addressing the peace demonstrators while standing under a Vietcong flag. . . . Only three Democrats among 25 senators who wrote President **Nixon** and Washington police chief **Wilson** praising their handling of demonstrators: **Howard Cannon** (Nev.), **John Sparkman** (Ala.) (a one-time Vice Presidential candidate), **James Eastland** (Miss).

■ Ups, Downs and Left-Behinds in Democratic Presidential race. Polls now put **Kennedy** above **Muskie**. . . . Muskie cuts back his campaign staff from 42 to 28—the moola just isn't coming in, they say. . . . **McGovern** proves he's the choice of the Kennedy White House guard, getting the endorsement of **John Kenneth Galbraith**, **Arthur Schlesinger Jr.**, yes, and **Hans Morgenthau**, also services of former Bobby Kennedy press aide **Frank Mankiewicz**, who's taken a leave from column-writing for a year. . . . Hundreds of thousands of weighty McGovern letters (eight single-spaced pages) going out to general public in appeal for funds. . . . Everyone agrees that **Birch Bayh** and **Harold Hughes** bombed at big Milwaukee Democratic fund-raising dinner. . . . But Hughes signs on Washington lawyer **Edward McDermott** to key post on his staff. McDermott was the fellow

Jones, *Toronto Telegram* Ben Roth

who handled George McGovern's eleventh-hour attempt to win nomination in Chicago in '68. . . . On Republican side, **Jack Wilson**, a businessman in Redwood, California, has announced a "Dump **McCloskey**" Committee. Wilson says he'll run in Republican primary against Congressman McCloskey next year. . . . Students at **Whittier College** have voted down resolution passed by student council urging that President Nixon be stripped of honorary law degree as punishment for his Vietnam policy.

■ Not a peep from **U Thant** or anyone else when Sweden reported radioactivity caused by a Soviet nuclear blast in Ural Mountains. Blast was in violation of nuclear test ban treaty which says underground tests must not "vent radioactivity across international frontiers." . . . Soviet influence in **Algeria** way up. According to *Aviation Week* not only are Soviet subs operating out of former French naval base at Mers-el-Kebir, but a squadron of the new Soviet MiG-23s is stationed at former French airfields in Algeria. . . . **Russia** is now buying about 130 million gallons of Algerian wine a year (paying less than half what France pays for it); is also moving technicians and various other experts in (Algerian wine goes perfectly with Russian food). . . . According to Beirut papers, President **Sadat** has warned Soviet ships away from Egyptian shores, and has sent some Soviet technicians home.

■ In the publication world: **Robert Hoyt**, the left-liberal editor of *National Catholic Reporter*, has been fired. Reason, presumably, a disastrous dropoff in circulation. . . . **Gore Vidal**'s countersuit for libel against **William Buckley** thrown out by U.S. District Court Judge **Richard Levet**: Buckley's suit against Vidal has yet to be heard. (Both arose out of articles in *Esquire* following the Democratic Convention fisticuffs-manque.) . . . Academic world excited by announcement of new anti-left journal, the *Political Science Reviewer*, coming out in September. Editor: **George Carey** of Georgetown (co-author, with **Willmoore Kendall** of last year's *The Basic Symbols of American Political Tradition*); Managing Editor: **James McClellan**; also on the board of editors: **Ellis Sandoz**, **Richard Staar**, **Gordon Tullock**. (P.O. Box 52, Hampden-Sydney College, Hampden-Sydney, Va. 23943—$6, one year; $10, two years.) . . . Sad note: **Post Office** brought out 6-cent stamp honoring **U.S. Servicemen** killed and wounded, prisoners of wars, and missing in action, just before the rate went up to 8 cents.

■ It's too much: **French police** moved in last week, refusing to let patrons with large military binoculars and hunting glasses enter the hit show *Oh, Calcutta!*

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LETTERS

Geltman vs the Berrigans

The table of contents for the May 4 *NR* indicated that Max Geltman ["The Berrigans *vs* the United States"] was sharp-eyed. A more appropriate description might have been sharp-tongued. Mr. Geltman claims that Father Dan does go on and on and on with the banalities; but if Mr. Geltman cannot be accused of banality, his vitriol isn't much easier to stomach. One expects that abusive arguments against a man will not be offered under the heading of good journalism.

Most of the names included in the article are familiar, but I am curious—who is Mrs. Gray? And while we are asking questions, are all those facts checked out as closely as the one that links Anthony Scoblick with the Jesuits?

Baltimore, Md. EILEEN Z. SILBERMANN

1) The Mrs. Gray referred to in the last paragraph but two is the Francine du Plessix Gray whose book, Divine Disobedience, *was cited throughout the article. 2) We did slip in regard to Scoblick, who is in fact an ex-Josephite, not an ex-Jesuit.* —ED.

Thank you so much for printing Max Geltman's superb article. When the news of the East Coast Conspiracy first broke, one thought that J. Edgar Hoover's detractors had been right after all: The whole idea was simply too incredible to be true. Having read Mr. Geltman's article, however, one realizes that, extraordinary as the Berrigans' motivations are, their actions are all too real.

Chicago, Ill. MARY GRANGER

"The Berrigans *vs* the United States" must have been written by a six year old, and not a well prepared six year old at that.

How can a person put down the Berrigans if he doesn't really know anything about them? These two men certainly are prophets; they certainly are Christians. Their beliefs prove it. It was much more than the evil of war which helped to radicalize them. If you read about their early childhood and later life, you would absolutely understand why they were forced to become radical.

Any person who had not heard of the Berrigans but was introduced to them by your article would condemn them. I suppose this is your plan? Well they mocked and killed the Old Testament prophets but Yaweh continued to guide His people and sent another prophet into their midst.

Callicoon, N.Y. WALLY LASKOS

. . . I know you won't print this but good luck anyway.

Newton, Mass. JOSEPH E. MORE

Magistro on Abortion

Charles F. Magistro's article on abortion ["Abortion and the Pluralist Society," May 4] was terrific; the best thing I have read on the subject!

Everett, Wash. SUSAN L. JOHNSON

I hereby award the Reverend Charles Magistro the 1971 Non-Sequitur-but-Good-Try-Anyway Award for "Abortion and the Pluralist Society," in which he presents "other reasons" (other than "to save the life of the mother") to justify some abortions.

Attempting to have the best of both worlds, his "other reasons" are in direct opposition to his arguments—whether or not one agrees with them—which condemn abortion-on-demand. He says early in his essay that "a society that permits abortion-on-demand is a society that has lost its faith in the sacred character of life" and that abortion-on-demand "will probably result in nonfetal euthanasia."

Later in the essay, however, come certain justifiable reasons for abortion. If the author does believe in these "other reasons" it would seem that he believes that the character of human life "likely to be born defective," or conceived by blood relations or by a fourteen-year-old girl, is somehow *less* sacred than life not likely to be born defective, or conceived by a legally married couple (or by any unrelated strangers) or by a 24-year-old woman; *or perhaps not sacred at all.*

If these potential victims of justifiable "fetal euthanasia" have somehow forfeited their right to life (some rights to life are less inalienable than others) because of the circumstances of their existence, circumstances which threaten the existence of another human being "as a human being," then certainly there are other *non*-fetal types of less sacred or non-sacred life which may also become ripe for justifiable euthanasia.

My father may become senile, require constant medical care at my expense, and therefore threaten my existence as a human being, economically and socially. My son may injure himself and become a mental or physical defective and threaten my existence as a human being—by affecting my ability to earn a living and causing me mental anxiety, ultimately resulting in my "psychic disintegration."

Regarding abortion "to save the life of the mother," I must contend, in light of the sanctity of life cited by the author, that the process must be, in the intentional order, a saving of the mother which incidentally may result in the death of the fetus, much as a soldier's jumping on a live hand grenade has as its intent the saving of other lives, not the taking of his own. If it were otherwise, then permitting such abortions again leads logically to justification of the nonfetal euthanasia which the author claims is unjustifiable.

Mr. Magistro cannot have it both ways. Either the Catholic Church is right, or New York State has not gone far enough. On the subject of abortion, there is no logically tenable middle ground.

Jericho, N.Y. LAWRENCE J. LONGUA

Art or Propaganda?

Little Big Man is so typical of Hollywood's current racial propaganda (Indians are heroes, Caucasians are villains), and so politically doctrinaire, that whatever artistic merit it could otherwise have is lost. Now, one expected the liberal media to go hog-wild over this film, and by and large they did. But dammit all, did *anyone* on your staff actually read what David Brudnoy said [April 6] about this leftist hate film before *NR* printed his review? By God, I wonder.

It shouldn't take a traditionalist to realize the cultural value to be gained from a positive enunciation of our Western folklore and myths, but Brudnoy is actually gleeful that *Little Big Man* "embodies and scorns the old myths of the West"! And while Brudnoy goes ga-ga over the so-called talents of Hoffman and Penn, it doesn't bother him in the least that both have consistently promoted antisocial propaganda in all their films up to and including *Little Big Man.*

It's truly a shame that *NR* doesn't employ its usual cultural and artistic standards when reviewing this medium. Motion pictures are too important an artistic and propagandistic agency to deserve anything less.

Adrian, Mich. ALAN LITWIN

Mr. Litwin evidently has selective vision, a not uncommon disease on the left and right sides of the political spectrum, in which the sufferer sees only what he wants to see and blocks out the rest. Look again, Mr. Litwin. Item: *The hero, "Little Big Man," is a Caucasian.* Item: *The initial massacre is of a white family by Indians.* Item: *The "contrary" Indian brave is a villain, who tries to murder the Caucasian hero.* Item: *Several scenes show Indians slaughtering whites. One could go on, but Old Brudskins Say: not necessary. Sure, the picture shows white brutality against Indians; it also shows Indian savagery. The movie, a brilliant parody of a lot of unctuous pieties, can easily be seen as an all-round superb movie' both by* NR*'s film critic (Brudnoy who "goes ga-ga") and, in the May* Esquire, *by the*

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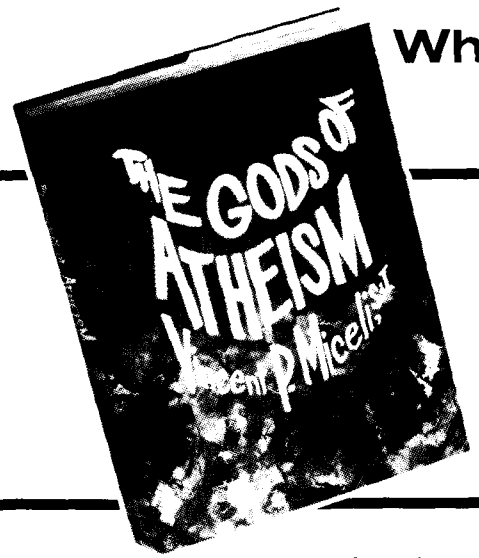
Why atheism is now an attack on civilization itself



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by Vincent P. Miceli, S.J.

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When God delivered the Ten Commandments to Moses, He didn't include: "Thou shalt not be an atheist." Instead, He commanded: "Thou shalt not have strange gods before Me." Why? Because man is by nature God-centered. He cannot exist without God, and if he rejects the true God, he will invariably fashion his own false god.

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Internationally famous Catholic philosopher Dietrich von Hildebrand hails Fr. Vincent P. Miceli:

"Father Miceli is . . . the type of priest we need so much in this crisis of the Church—the worst crisis the Church has ever undergone. He is a real fighter — a **miles Christi.** And he is equipped with the intellectual weapons which enable him to be a **defensor fidei.**"

But atheism is not only an individual and societal problem. It is the driving force behind international Communism, a fact Fr. Miceli demonstrates clearly. It is also an important weapon in the New Left's war on America. More than a belief, atheism has become a movement, and every Christian and Jewish conservative must understand it, the better to fight it effectively. In *The Gods of Atheism* Fr. Miceli probes for the root ideas of modern atheism . . . and this, in part, is what he reveals:

- Atheism as *the* great temptation for certain intelligent men (and as such, one of Satan's most powerful weapons).
- The unique nature of the atheism that today assails the Christian West.
- Why and how people become atheists.
- Why it is necessary that parents *indoctrinate* their children with religious beliefs and morality.
- Why Communism must be atheistical.
- Feuerbach presages modern Christian Liberalism — in 1841.
- The philosophical similarities between Nietzsche and certain Catholic and Protestant Liberals.
- The Communist school for girl spies in East Berlin, where they are taught every perversion known to man.
- Why the death of Communism is inevitable — and how Christians can hasten it.
- The weird atheistic religion Comte set up: his dead fiancee was the patron saint, and he was the High Priest of Humanity.
- Camus, existentialism and the god of absurdity.
- Sartre: the atheism that leads to suicide.
- Heidegger: theistic existentialism as a path of atheism.
- Bonhoeffer: how the Liberals distort his writings, making him a bridge to atheism.

A good man to have on our side

While attending Cathedral High School in New York and maintaining a 95.5 average, Fr. Vincent P. Miceli worked six days a week from 3 to 10 p.m. After entering the Society of Jesus in 1936, he received his B.A. from Spring Hill College, his S.T.L. from St. Louis University and his Ph.D. from Fordham. Fr. Miceli is Visiting Professor of Philosophy at Rome's Gregorian University. His previous book, **Gabriel Marcel's Philosophy of Communion,** was called "stunning" and "a triumph" by Frederick Wilhelmsen in **National Review.**

- Why Tillich's thought, if taken to its logical conclusion, leads to atheism or indifference.
- Anglican Bishop Robinson and his pantheism in Christian vestments.
- Harvey Cox, pet theologian of the radic-libs.
- Freak theologians who say: God is dead.

Although this book stands as an important contribution to Christian scholarship, the writing burns with conviction. Fr. Miceli is a committed, traditional Catholic, and it shows. He writes with the urgency of a man who sees the West sick from unbelief, both within and without our churches. In a stunning final section he draws everything together and shows what we must do, as Christians and conservatives, to fight the cancer of atheism.

This major work, anchored in Catholic orthodoxy, will enrich theists regardless of their faith. It provides the answers many an agnostic or post-Christian is searching for. And it challenges every atheist who keeps an open mind to reexamine the intellectual and emotional foundations of his disbelief.

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liberal Jacob Brackman, with whom I am in cinematic agreement for the first time in either of our reviewing careers.

Mr. Litwin wants a "positive enunciation of our Western folklore and myths." Why? How 'bout some truth, just for variety, about the West and other facets of America's past? Nor do I think it is my proper concern to worry about what Dustin Hoffman and Arthur Penn have done on other occasions, on screen or off. I loathe Hoffman's politics, and Penn's, and I still think Little Big Man *is the best film of 1970, rivaled only by* Patton, *perhaps. While I recognize fully the propagandistic possibilities of movies, I shall not subvert my cultural and artistic standards by going "ga-ga" about politics.* —DB

Correction

Re your March 23 editorial, "The Logic of Defection," in which you cite me as one of three "defectors" from Henry Kissinger's NSC staff, you are misinformed. I never worked on Dr. Kissinger's NSC staff. As to my "defection," I left my position in the Department of Defense six weeks after the inauguration of President Nixon.

Washington, D.C. LESLIE H. GELB

Friedman Defended

In reading J. Bernard Burnham's "In the Long Run We Are All Dead" [March 23], I was disappointed to find Professor Friedman's proposal that the money supply be increased at a steady rate reduced to a value judgment concerning the most desirable time perspective. The validity of Friedman's *x per cent per year* proposal rests in his contention that tampering with the quantity of money has usually been pro-cyclical. The justification for his proposal emanates from the mounting evidence that fluctuations in the demand for money are primarily the result of fluctuations in the rate of growth of the money supply. The "hell or high water" which brings about the political pressure to "do something" can best be avoided by adopting a constant rate of growth.

Wrentham, Mass. NEAL C. HENDERSON

More on Vouchers

Before taking on John Coyne ["Slates and Hamsters," March 23], I would like to state that he is very, very correct regarding the probable benefits of the voucher system and the nature of the objections to it by so many within the "educationist establishment." But why *must* he use the phrase "educationist establishment"? Hopefully, it is used only to represent and identify a group of individuals who do, indeed, stifle any attempts at experimenting with public schools by those who are not ordained by the proper credentials. But it tends to dismiss by guilt by association any ideas coming from anyone within the so-called establishment, and conservatives simply ought not to do such things. Of course, Dean Sizer of Harvard is quoted by Mr. Coyne, but in such a manner that the dean appears to be a lone wolf. T'ain't so.

Charlottesville, Va. PAUL H. SARTORI

Mr. Coyne's article hit all the major points and gave a good basic understanding of this radically conservative educational "innovation."

However, a word of warning to my fellow conservatives. The OEO has added a quiet hooker to its proposed pilot. It will reimburse any school that turns in its voucher provided that school's tuition is no higher than the amount of the voucher. Get it? The Feds are just not going to relinquish control to a mere parent. This will move toward forced egalitarianism between public and private schools. In other words, to get at the government voucher money, private schools will descend to the level of the public school.

Mr. Coyne mentions that San Diego was in the running as a pilot area. Our school board has turned it down. In the words of one of the members of our Board of Education, "We can't trust the parent to make the right choice."

San Diego, Calif. JAMES L. CAWDREY

Bouquets

"Dead-End Dialogue" by Sheldon Moody Smith [April 6] is one of the most succinct and intelligent articles I have read in years. It brilliantly pinpoints the goals of a large number of liberal "theologians" in these days.

There needs to be more sense, as in "Dead-End Dialogue," to counteract the prevalent nonsense.

Memphis, Tenn. GARY ADAMS

I greatly enjoyed John Coyne's comments [April 20] upon the deplorable current tendency in "mystery" writing to imitate the Fleming rubbish.

He gave Nicholas Freeling well-merited praise, but I am surprised that he does not seem to have made the happy acquaintance of Robert van Gulik and Arthur Upfield. Most unfortunately, we shall have to be content with the few books each of them has left behind him in his fascinating and original field.

La Jolla, Calif. R. S. STEWART

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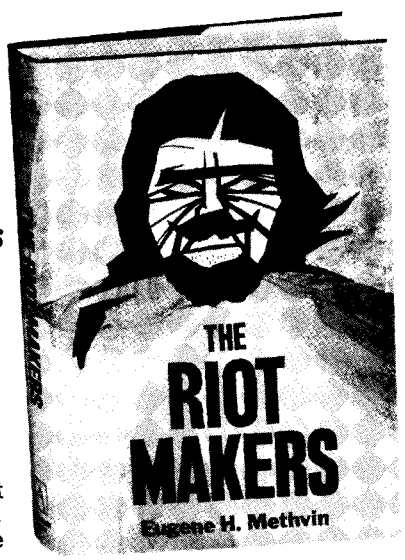

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THE WEEK

■ The Fun City Burger Shop, at Second Avenue and 122nd Street, has gone out of business.

■ Speaking on the need for civility in this country, Chief Justice Warren Burger took a swipe at "a tiny fragment of reckless, irresponsible lawyers" some few of whom, he said, "seem bent on destroying the system." He could have mentioned William Kunstler by name but it really wasn't necessary: the speech was obviously about him and his cohorts and their ugly practice of the law of disruption and violence. Our adversary system grew out of the ritualized battle of another time, a time which, as they reintroduce battling and brawling into the courtroom, the Kunstlers would seem to prefer. Kunstler is not the only disruptive force, but he is a symbol, perhaps *the* symbol, of the inability or unwillingness (so far) of our judicial system, including bar associations, to maintain the standards of which the Chief Justice spoke. And though Kunstler is only one man, his disbarment as the symbol of incivility (urged last summer, during the campaign, by James Buckley) would be a symbolic act which would profit the judicial system and the nation.

■ Inflation, like drugs, is a hard habit to kick, as President Nixon has discovered. Prime Minister Heath learned the same hard fact last week when the Conservatives lost more than 1,800 seats in local elections throughout England and Wales. Like Mr. Nixon, Mr. Heath gained office partially because of the public's disenchantment with current economic affairs; and like Mr. Nixon, Mr. Heath has been unable to provide a speedy solution. Rising prices and increased unemployment are never popular. But economic affairs are complex and public patience is short: consequently in "off-year" elections voters look to the "outs" for a way out of their troubles less painful than the "ins" have provided. As in the case of the addict, if the public can endure the cure long enough stability can be regained. The loss of 1,800 Tory seats will not permanently damage England but the loss of the economic war just might.

■ Harvard, that citadel of academic freedom, finally allowed a Symposium on the Evolution of American Conservatism to be held at the Institute of Politics, Kennedy School of Government. The Symposium was chaired by David Brudnoy; the guests were Ernest van den Haag, Thomas Winter (editor of *Human Events*), J. Laurence McCarty (who fought in the Republican primary last year, for the right to oppose Teddy), J. Alan MacKay (former YAF head), Leo Kesselring (of the New York Conservative Party), Russell Kirk, M. Stanton Evans, William Schneider (of Senator Buckley's office), Anthony Harrigan, Murray Rothbard and Frank Meyer. There were no demonstrations, no disruptions, just a week-long series of informative meetings. Harvard is expected to rejoin the Church momentarily.

■ James Wechsler, the liberal, is in favor of the full discussion of all issues, right? Such discussion is fundamental to the democratic process, right? Unless alternatives are presented you never know what the voters really want, right? No, *wrong*. Henry Jackson, says Wechsler, is "the only ambitious Democratic voice still wedded to a 'hard line' foreign policy," and his presence "in primaries and national debates can [only] serve to create distracting conflicts over Democratic policy."

■ Only 280 more running days until the New Hampshire primary, so Congressman Paul N. McCloskey (R., Cal.) has rented office space near the Capitol for his campaign headquarters, and he will soon hire a campaign manager. McCloskey still says, though, that he would prefer finding a better qualified candidate to running himself. Remember back when people waited till six months before the first primary to declare their noncandidacy?

■ To presume, as we do in the Anglo-American legal system, that a man is innocent until proven guilty is not to assume that he has an absolute right to remain at liberty until brought to trial. The very idea of bail contradicts the second assumption: Bail is a restraint (albeit not a physical one) on the accused, meant to guarantee his appearance for trial and his good behavior in the meantime. It is, sometimes, an insufficient restraint. For which reason the Justice Department has asked Congress to approve legislation authorizing federal judges to hold suspects without bail up to sixty days, in cases involving kidnaping, bombing, racketeering, loan-sharking, robbery, narcotics sales, hijacking, or "an attempt or conspiracy" to commit any of them. Which is fine—provided certain safeguards are included, making the sixty-day period unrenewable, ensuring that the accused shall have his "speedy and public trial" before the sixty days are up, making detention hearings public (as they have not always been under the preventive detention law now in effect in the District of Columbia), and providing an avenue of appeal should a judge impose detention capriciously.

■ A patrol dog of the East German border guards escaped West last week and was granted asylum by a West German guard unit which has renamed him "Running Dog of Imperialism."

■ Unabridged, and unchanged: paragraph 4 of lead story on Washington demonstrations in *Washington Post*, May 8: "One youth waved a Vietcong flag, another bearded student disrobed completely to a chorus of cheers, and four

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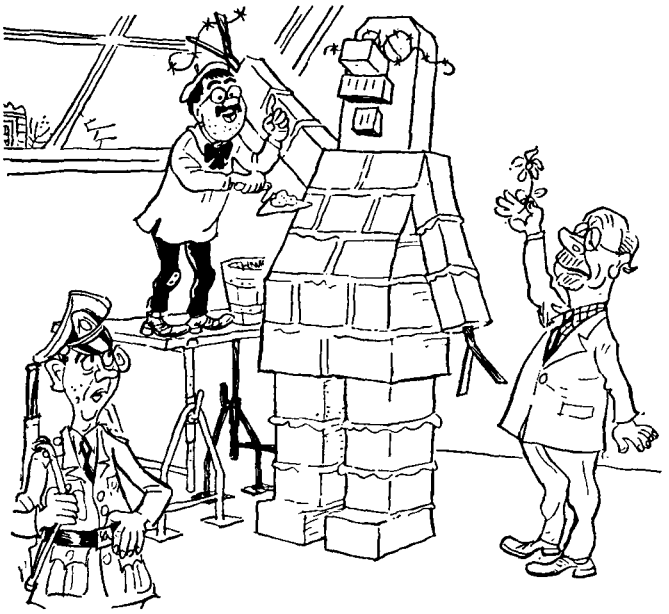

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"And this statue shall stand as a symbol of your greatest political achievement, Comrade Ulbricht . . ."

congressmen told the gathering it had succeeded in focussing attention on the Southeast Asia conflict."

■ SOUR NOTE: After years and years of having to announce, every year, that the sugar quota hasn't been met, Fidel Castro has at last changed his tune. The harvest is going badly again this year—so Castro has, presto, reduced the goal from 7 million tons to 6.65 million.

■ VOICES OF MODERATION: "Oh, to be in England . . . now that life on these shores is growing more clamorous, perilous and mean. Oh, to be in England . . . if you're blessed with a small independent income and a PhD. You won't be here when we ring in Orwell's 1984, which may happen in 1974, particularly if the present Administration is returned to power with its contempt for civil and human rights unchecked." Harriet Van Horne (May 17).

■ DEPT. OF UTTER RESIGNATION: "Sweden, Resigned to What Is, To Issue Hairnets to Soldiers." (*New York Times*, May 17, 1971.)

■ The estimable Intercollegiate Studies Institute, which used to be called the Intercollegiate Society of Individualists, has a cure for the summertime blues. Toward the end of August ISI is offering four week-long schools whose purpose is "to examine issues of continuing importance to the preservation of a free society." Courses will be held at Stanford University ("Humanism in an Age of Science"); Marian College, Indianapolis ("Freedom in the American Tradition"); American University, Washington, D.C. ("The Proper Role of Government"); and Manhattan College, N.Y. ("The Fabric of a Free Society"). Among the teachers: Frank Meyer, Will Herberg, Leo Strauss, Ludwig von Mises, Eric Voegelin, Stefan Possony, Gerhart Niemeyer, Ernest van den Haag and Stephen Tonsor. There is a small registration and tuition fee, but arrangements can be made. Applicants should write ISI at 14 South Bryn Mawr Avenue, Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania 19010.

■ What can you say about a 66-year-old bishop who eats grass? In London the Rt. Reverend Kenneth Sansbury, an Anglican bishop, chewed and swallowed some freshly mown grass. Seems, let's face it, kind of silly. But when you learn the Reverend did it to protest poverty, doesn't it begin to make sense? Praying is a touch old fashioned; collecting money might do some good but it's so dull. Eating grass has to be the answer. OK, Your Grace, that was easy. Now do something about pollution.

■ The New Parliamentary Etiquette: *Q:* What is the proper way to address a radical, white liberated lady congressman who publicly berates her fellow radical congressmen for not attending Democratic caucuses? *A:* (by black Rep. Ronald Dellums): "Shut up, you white elite mother - - - - - r!" Is *that* what Bella Abzug is?

■ F. D. Reeve has just published his third novel and Farrar, Straus and Giroux is trying to sell it. With a sure sense of what will move a book these days they quote three glittering recommendations: "This third novel by one of America's most gifted and versatile writers portrays all the ugliness of the American middle class."—Ronald Fair, *Chicago Sun Times*. "A totally believable novel. . . . Its theme is the gradual disintegration of an apparently stable, respectable middle-class family."—Joyce Carol Oates, *N.Y. Times Book Review*. "Parents and children, Reeve is saying with deadly delicacy, make nature's classic mismatch."—Melvin Maddocks, *Life*.

■ In "Academic Scorecard" (May 4), we wrote about the lawsuits brought against Queens College by two students, Michael Fellner and Edward De Vito. One case has been settled in the students' favor—forcing the college to allow military recruiters on campus. The students advise us that it was handled—free of charge—by a conservative idealist, Thomas Dillon, of Jamaica, New York, to whom all honor.

■ The *Free Trojan*, a conservative newspaper published by YAFers at the University of Southern California, has been banned from campus by the student government because it might affect upcoming elections. Stated the student censors: "To say that free speech is more important than a fair and free election would be to transpose the means and the ends." What could be clearer than that?

■ Mr. Joseph Kraft, touring Russia, has been afflicted by—anti-Communism. His eructation: "Russia is becoming a nation of hard hats."

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Bring the Boys Home?

The dispute between Congress and the President over "the war powers," which has been a perennial feature of our political history from the days of the Continental Congress, has had one of its periodic surges lately, pushed by the disillusionment over Vietnam and the more general revival of isolationist sentiment. We plan to comment in future issues on the bills that Senators Javits, Eagleton and Stennis have introduced during the current session. This week the controversy has focused on the Mansfield proposal to bring home half of the troops stationed on European soil before the end of the year.

Whatever the merits of the more general positions on war powers, we believe this Mansfield proposal to be both unconstitutional and imprudent. Our Constitution actually divides the war powers between the legislature and the executive; and—deliberately—leaves the exact boundaries of the division rather vague, counting on their being determined in practice by tradition, common sense, give-and-take, and the exigencies of given situations. But there is no ambiguity in the declaration that the President shall be commander in chief. It is the commander who decides the location and deployment of the troops in accordance with his judgment and his oath to defend the country. Thus the Mansfield resolution is an invasion of the Presidential power as commander in chief. Furthermore, because of its bearing on the NATO treaty and alliance, it is no less an invasion of his constitutional power to make foreign policy, with the advice and consent of the Senate.

On prudential grounds the proposal is equally at fault. Quite apart from the direct role of the U.S. forces in the local defense of Western Europe, their presence is the only convincing assurance to the West European nations that the U.S. is *committed* to their strategic defense. Since Europe lacks a serious nuclear force of its own, it can resist Soviet hegemony only if it feels that America's "nuclear umbrella" is shielding it. In addition, as the opponents of the proposal have pointed out, withdrawing the troops now is an indefensible prelude to bargaining with Moscow over *mutual* withdrawals.

It has been fascinating, and not unamusing, to note that on this issue the Elder Statesmen of the Wasp Establishment—most of whom have a very dim opinion of Richard Nixon—came quickly forward en bloc to help turn back the Mansfield assault on the American-West European relationship that has always been the foundation stone of their global outlook. Former Secretaries and Under Secretaries of State and Defense (Acheson, Rusk, Lovett, McElroy, Gates, Gilpatric, Vance, Merchant, Ball, Katzenbach, Democrats and Republicans alike), all the living former Supreme Commanders, Europe (Ridgway, Gruenther, Norstad, Lemnitzer), the High Commissioners of Germany (Clay, McCloy, Conant), the delegates to NATO (Spofford, Burgess, Finletter, Cleveland), joined hands in a solid front—to which the two living former Presidents pledged their allegiance.

A Line Must Be Drawn

Once more Congress has been startled out of its lethargy long enough to "stop the railroad strike" by an ad hoc piece of hastily drawn temporary legislation. Because this includes a "provisional" retroactive wage rise nearly equal to the union's most extreme demand, while not even pretending to deal with any of the underlying problems of the railroads' labor relations, the congressional action merely leaves the long-run situation a stage worse than ever.

The signalmen's union has about twelve thousand members, 2 per cent of the railroad labor force, .006 per cent of the nation's population. By their strike, these twelve thousand threw their 600,000 fellow railroad employees out of work and brought immediate huge losses to the railroad companies and their customers. Within hours the repercussions of the shutdown included spreading inconvenience, expense, job loss, damage, and potential danger to the entire country.

There is too great a disproportion here between cause and effect. *NR* numbers the right to strike among those civil rights and liberties that are to be cherished and defended by a free society. But no single right is absolute, nor can the presumptive right of a single individual or group be asserted without regard for the rights of others. Plain common sense tells us, beyond contradiction by any abstract theorizing, that it is preposterous for twelve thousand persons, disrupting over a relatively minor practical difference, to be permitted to cause immense trouble and damage to 200 million people. This is the position into which a number of small occupational groups—conspicuously in transportation—have now got themselves, thanks to developments in technology, social customs and law. We can't do much about the technology, and customs, left to themselves, change slowly.

To Bella Abzug

I shook your hand on Broadway;
I took your shopping bag.
I smiled when your deportment
Made Jewish mamas gag.
I didn't mind the brickbats
For President Sadat.
(If you opposed King Arthur,
You'd lambast Camelot.)
Your hats are most amusing;
Your outfits are a sketch,
But watching you on Mayday
I really had to retch.

W. H. von Dreele

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But the law can be adjusted if we—meaning in the primary instance, Congress—make up our minds to adjust it.

The central feature of the relevant legal change is obvious. Strikes such as this one of the signalmen must be prohibited. If disputes involving persons performing functions whose cessation brings major damage to the country at large cannot be settled by voluntary collective bargaining, then they must be referred to binding adjudication by some sort of special commission, labor court or other tribunal. Although details may be open to discussion and refinement, there is nothing mysterious about the fundamental requirement; and, in truth, all leaders of labor, management and government know it. The problem is not of knowledge but of action. And the action will have to come from Congress.

I. Two Days in May

Boston: "It's your sons as well as ours they want to die to swell the profits of Lockheed and General Motors." Thus, Hanoi's ambassador to Boston University, Howard Zinn, shouting his analysis of the Vietnam war to the cops guarding Boston Common on Wednesday. And then, to the policemen again: "Put away your clubs and guns and tear gas and become nonviolent and learn to disobey. Go down to Washington and arrest the President and his advisers on a charge of disturbing the peace of the world." With that, Professor Zinn brought the crowd of twenty thousand to its feet, fists clenched, Vietcong flags waving. Zinn was the high point of the day, even better than Senator Vance Hartke of Indiana, who had rushed up to Boston to tell us that "an overwhelming majority of the American people have determined to deny the use of their name and renounce acquiescence [in the war]." Senator Hartke was soon gone, but not Professor Zinn, whom we shall always have with us, and who was the most notable of those arrested the next day for disturbing the peace of Boston.

We're told that the "peace" movement is revived, that a broader spectrum of Americans is represented in these demonstrations, that nonviolent demonstrations are still possible in the Seventies. The facts are otherwise. The crowds here, as elsewhere, were actually less diverse in age than in previous demonstrations, and less good-natured; they were grimmer, grimier, uglier in word and action, sillier, drunker (and higher) than those I've seen in over two years of covering Boston "peace" rallies. Moreover, the Boston organizer, the People's Coalition for Peace and Justice, like that in Washington, manifests a functionally pro-Communist stance and openly declares its sympathy for the Vietcong terrorists, cynically manipulating the naive kids who make up the bulk of the demonstrators.

The purpose here was to emulate the Washington double-header. May 5 was the Zinn and Co. Magic Logic and Truth Vanishing Act on Boston Common, blessed as always with beautiful sunny weather. May 6 was Bring Federal Government to Its Knees Day down at the 26-story John F. Kennedy Federal Building. "Nonviolent but illegal," as the organizers euphemistically phrased it, their plan was to keep federal office workers from entering the JFK. That, too, was a disappointment. Ten thousand predicted, two thousand showed up: The weather had turned cold and drizzly. The press neatly plays ball with these affairs, telling it as the organizers want it told. Washington on April 24 was *not* all peace and love. Nor was Boston on May 5, but you had to be there to know, or read far, far down in the last columns of the newspapers even to guess.

May 6 was much like Mayday in Washington, on a smaller scale. The entrances to JFK had to be blocked if the Boston May 6 bunch were to shut down federal activities that day. Four hundred fifty policemen kept the main door open, sealed off the others, and got the employees in and out with little difficulty. A good many workers had their legs pricked with needles and their clothes torn at by demonstrators (*"All we are saying, is give peace a chance"*), but aside from one policeman who was slashed in the back with a razor blade ("nonviolent but illegal"), few people were hurt. One hundred fifteen were arrested.

How much good did they do? Everybody knows that all True Patriots oppose the war; Howard Zinn tells us so. And the harm? A few bloodied heads, one slashed back, soap suds in the water fountains, scorched grass (the green kind) on the Common, broken bottles on streets, a few hundred frightened oldsters clawed at by our Young Idealists. Cost to Boston: $63,000 for the police in excess of normal expenses for two days. Minor story in the papers the same week: "Boston schools' field trips canceled until next January; will save $60,000." All Power to the People.

D. BRUDNOY

II. Protracted Legal Conflict

In Washington, D.C.: The seventeen days of massive demonstration culminating in the Mayday events raise the most serious kinds of questions for those concerned about the preservation of representative government. American citizens indubitably have the privilege of peaceful assembly and petition of Congress. It is not clear, however, that even the "nonviolent" assembly of a quarter of a million people in Washington falls within the meaning of that privilege. Under representative institutions, the power of decision is delegated by the voters to their elected representatives, who then deliberate and act. The entire technique of mass demonstration and "mass action," as perfected during the past decade, is alien to the spirit of such a system. The physical presence of such a mass in the streets of the capital is implicitly a form of intimidation; it inevitably violates the rights of non-demonstrating citizens in countless ways.

The Mayday events, however, were of a special character—their character being that of an intolerable

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Edgar Smith's Big Day

Some of the oldest post-incarceration friends of Edgar H. Smith Jr. are readers of NATIONAL REVIEW, whom we first acquainted with "The Strange Case of Edgar Smith" back in 1963. Our point was that on the evidence, and notwithstanding the incriminating circumstances, we simply could not understand how Smith could possibly have murdered the girl.

Following on that article, in fits and starts, Smith received more and more publicity and then, when his own book (*Brief against Death*) was published in 1969, Smith graduated into the unenviable position of premier occupant of Death Row, U.S.A., a position to which he was entitled not only by seniority, but also by virtue of his extraordinary qualities, as writer, jailhouse lawyer and wit. His book was published in many languages, and people all over the world who are given to debating that kind of thing, devoted themselves to the question: Would I have voted guilty, or not guilty, if I had been a juror in the case of Edgar Smith?

Now the news, front-page, amounts to this: the principal weapon used against Smith during his trial, the so-called confession, was illegally, coercively wrested from him. The outcome is of course uncertain. The state is obviously unwilling to retry the case. The defense is confident that the higher courts will not overturn the carefully reasoned opinion of Circuit Court Judge Gibbons. Each side continues to hold cards. How the poker game will end, exactly, isn't known. It is only known that Edgar Smith will not die in the electric chair, that he will soon be free. In the opinion of most of us, the courts have, on this happy occasion, moved to void the conviction of an innocent man.

The Apathetic Reaction of Edgar H. Smith Jr. on Hearing that He Will Not Be Electrocuted:

May 16, 1971

Miss Frances Bronson
Executive Secretary
National Review
150 East 35th Street
New York City, N.Y.

Francesca!

Ho! Ho! Ho! Up the Irish! Be it ever so humble, there's no place like the winner's circle! Linus Pauling, Gore Vidal, Nixon, Jim, and now Smith. Bill is on a winning streak, isn't he? Not to mention Steve Umin who, to the best of my knowledge, has yet to lose his first case of any kind.

Thanks much for your phone call to the Warden. My mother was here at the time. I think she set the world's record for the high jump from a seated position. Tomorrow is the bail hearing, so I hope you still have your fingers crossed. I could use three weeks or so in the sun.

Enclosed is a letter for Aggie. Following is the text of a telegram I got today:

"Just returned from Vietnam and read the current Esquire/ Have tired of struggles but pleased to hear tonight of your victory/I hope the changes brought on by the years of frustration are enough to guide you and others to further patience and ultimate peace/Congratulations/Peter Gillette/Lexington, Kentucky."

Isn't that nice?

I have ordered five copies of Esquire for Bill, so when they come in you will know who they are for. I thought he might want to pass them around.

Take care. I may be visiting you any minute now.

Happily,

Edgar

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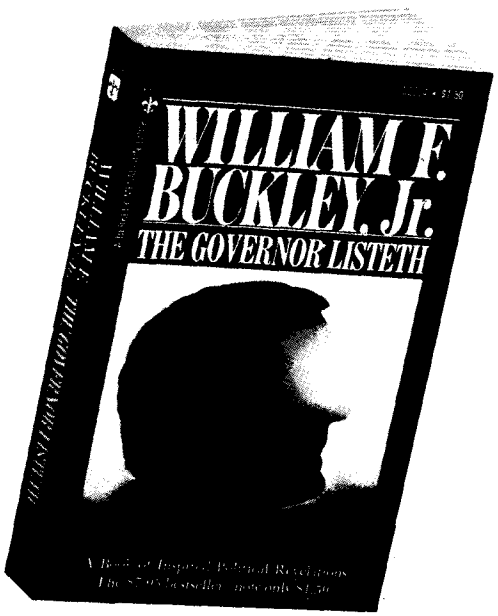
National Review's Summer Savings Special



Effective May 16 the postal rates increased greatly. This presented us with a dilemna. As the postal rates go up, so does the cost of renewing all our subscribers, etc. So if we could only avoid mailing all those renewal notices at the higher rates we could save literally thousands of dollars in expense. And we'd be more than happy to pass our savings on to our readers. Here's the offer:

Renew your current subscription *now;* we will extend it for a full year at no more than the regular $12.00 rate. In addition, we'll send you a FREE and postpaid copy of the new edition of Wm. F. Buckley's exciting bestseller, "The Governor Listeth." (The book, in a handsome softcover edition, will be off press and ready to mail on or about June 19.)

> *"The Governor Listeth" is William F. Buckley's newest (and many agree his best) book. It is perfect to take along on your vacation, for that "luxury" reading you've been longing to do, or to introduce that liberal friend of yours to Bill Buckley's writings. The book is a treasure of Buckley's best writing on some fascinating subjects: Public Schools, Religion, Rock, the Kids, the War (much of it written on-the-spot in Vietnam and Laos), Civil Disobedience, Ted Kennedy, Lyndon Johnson, Dr. Spock, Crime, the Kerner Report, Joe Namath, plus a chapter devoted to the famous Gore Vidal confrontation. Retail Value: $1.50.*

Just rrrip out the card facing this page to get your renewal in and receive your FREE book. We'll bill you later if you prefer, the important thing is to act now!

SPECIAL TWO-YEAR OFFER: Renew your subscription now for two years, and we'll send you *two* books! ("The Governor Listeth" is a great way to introduce a friend of yours to the famous Buckley style. If you want us to send the extra book to a friend, relative etc., just give us the name & address and we'll [illegible]

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obscenity. Senator Kennedy, the *New York Times* and other Stakhanovite guardians of our liberties have bewailed the "harsh" policy of arresting and detaining en masse some twelve thousand Mayday demonstrators, but all evidence suggests that such decisive action was necessary to keep Washington functioning. If innocent bystanders were inconvenienced, it can only be pointed out that they would have been much more inconvenienced if the followers of Davis, Froines, Hoffman and the rest had achieved their goals. It might also be pointed out that in not a single nation of Western Europe would the tactics of the authorities have been so mild: the relevent laws in France, for example (and freedom, Senator Kennedy, is not dead in France), make our own look as though they had been written by Thoreau. That the police dispersed the mob without shots or serious injury testifies to their skill and civic responsibility.

Beyond all this, it is clear enough that we need not tolerate the spectacle of thousands of marauders descending upon the nation's capital, defacing its monuments, damaging private property, blocking the steps of the Capitol, occupying public parks, and fornicating and defecating with, or on, targets of opportunity. We do not have to tolerate this even though the Senator from Massachusetts obviously regards the militants as an important part of his natural constituency. We wish success to the forthcoming prosecution of Messrs Davis, Froines, Hoffman et al. May their futures be utterly secure.

New York City: The acquittal of the thirteen Black Panthers last week settles at least the question of their legal guilt or innocence on charges of conspiring to kill a few pigs and dynamite a few department stores and police stations. The jury a) discounted what they heard from three policemen, acting as undercover agents, who testified to the reality of the conspiracy, and to the possession of dynamite and so on, and b) relegated to the realm of rhetoric the plans the defendants are alleged to have made.

The essence of the matter appears to be that at the present time juries are peculiarly sensitive to the possible abuse of the conspiracy charge. Such sensitivity is understandable. No desires to see a defendant go to jail on the basis of, say, some cocktail-party chit-chat of a fantasizing character. On the other hand, if it proves impossible, or all but impossible, to convict when an actual conspiracy does exist, then the community will be insufficiently defended against the bomber, the political kidnaper and the political assassin (not to mention criminal organizations of the Mafia type). The fact that such acts do occur, and occur quite frequently these days, is prima facie evidence that conspiracies take place; and we should not have to wait for the bomb to go off or the shots to be fired before bringing charges.

A Perfectly Logical Conclusion

In Philly, the city of brotherly love,
A cop and a black and a Kennedy dove
Went down to the wire as liberals said:
"If Rizzo's the winner the city is dead."
Well, Rizzo's the winner and Rizzo's the cop.
By 7:00 o'clock he was over the top.
Though Teddy's despondent and Muskie's dismayed,
The people were tired of being afraid.
So don't be surprised when the liberals say
That racism's rampant in Philly today.

W. H. von Dreele

How about It, Gnomes?

The recent ruckus in international money markets came as no surprise to some observers, among whom attentive readers of *NR*'s February 23 issue ("New Warning Signs for the Dollar") had the honor to be included. We are now prepared (pending the day when mankind repents its monetary sins and is ready to hit the gold-dust trail again, according to Henry Hazlitt's text elsewhere in this issue) to offer a patent-free method that dawned on us the other day for getting rid of the "dollar glut" which European central bankers denounce so bitterly as the villain in these periodic debacles.

As a traveler leaves Washington's National Airport, heading in the direction of the White House, the Capitol and Federal Reserve Board headquarters, the first commercial structure to catch his eye is a huge, lavish BP service station, complete with monster sign, neon lights, and forests of shiny pumps. "BP" stands for British Petroleum.

Over the past five years or so the European central bankers have wept under the load of their burden of absorbing billions of "unwanted" U.S. dollars. Simultaneously, continental politicians and publicists complain that these same dollars enable the giant multinational U.S.-based corporations to build European factories and buy out locally owned firms, so that they more and more dominate European local markets.

But what is to prevent the Europeans themselves from using these dollars to buy into the very U.S. corporations about which they complain so tearfully, or any other U.S. corporations that happen to strike their fancy? If the German central bankers don't like having to absorb a billion U.S. dollars in a spring week, why don't they rouse themselves from their *rentier*-slumbers and finance a Volkswagen takeover of American Motors? Or help Lufthansa buy up TWA? Why don't the Swiss authorities stop bleating about that un-Swiss dollar glut and make it feasible for Nestlé to take over General Foods?

Instead of using a little imagination and energy in disposing of their dollar inflows, the European central bankers seem unable to think of anything better to do

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with them than putting them into U.S. government securities, as they have done on a big scale of late. The natural result is to push U.S. interest rates lower, thus increasing the margin between the U.S. and the higher continental rates, thence leading to an even greater flow of interest-sensitive money out of dollars and into continental currencies. A textbook model of a vicious and self-perpetuating circle.

The BP service station outside National Airport, like the still more recent takeover by French oil interests ("Total") of some Standard Oil (Indiana) outlets, suggests that the existence of a "dollar glut" can offer as many opportunities for alert European—or Japanese—businessmen and bankers as it has done these two decades past for alert Americans.

High Noon for Pucinski

The National Federation of Independent Business has 291,000 members—all small businessmen. The group was founded in 1943, but it wasn't until 1971 that things had come to such a pass that the Federation decided to hold a national convention. It sent out notices, and more than a thousand members turned up last week at the Statler-Hilton in Washington for a three-day meeting on the basic problems that beset the small entrepreneur in America: monopoly unionism, minimum wage, unrealistic taxes, depreciation guidelines, crime and liability costs, health insurance, pension plans, bureacracy, paperwork.

On the first day of the conference, Congressman Roman Pucinski of Illinois agreed to head a workshop on minimum wages and got—politely; well, pretty politely—torn to pieces. Mr. Pucinski gave the three to four hundred persons in the audience the regulation pro-minimum wage argument. It had first been passed in 1938—25¢ an hour, raised in ensuing years to 40¢, 60¢ 75¢, $1.00, $1.20, $1.45, $1.60—and none of the things that the prophets of doom had warned would happen had happened. It hasn't brought inflation (he said), it hasn't brought unemployment (he said), we were headed (he was confident) for a $2 trillion economy in one hundred months (less than ten years, he said), and capitalism (which was the best system on earth I'm telling you Ladies and Gentlemen) owed it to the system to make sure that all people share in its bounty. The argument now was whether the minimum wage would be raised to $1.80 immediately and then to $2 by January 1, 1973 or to $2 by January 1, 1974, as the Nixon Administration had just recommended. Did the audience realize that there were 2.5 million Americans who were working full time and still unable to make enough money to support their families on what the Government of the United States had found to be an acceptable level? This, when within one hundred months the United States would have a $2 trillion economy. It had taken 194 years for the economy to reach $1 trillion, and in one hundred months more it would have reached $2 trillion.

Any questions?

Lady in the rear: Where are we going to get the money to pay our workers if you raise the minimum wage?

Thunderous applause.

The pat, if increasingly startled, answers by Congressman Pucinski might have satisfied college students; not so, the woman who has a coin-operated cleaning establishment, the man with three gas stations, another who started a small potato chip plant, the people who run the five and a half million small enterprises in America, who couldn't care less about a $2 trillion economy some time later on—not if they were going broke first.

A little buttering up seemed in order. Surely no one in this room employs anyone at the minimum wage, $1.60 an hour. A show of hands, please.

Sixty per cent put up their hands.

I didn't mean part time help, or youngsters.

Another show of hands.

Fifty per cent.

The Great Debate

EXPOSING GUILT
HOW DO WE KNOW 300 BILLION IN REPARATIONS WON'T EASE TENSIONS UNLESS WE TRY IT?
OPTIONS
QUESTIONS TO OUR ANSWERS
FORTY ACRES AND A PONTIAC
THE GET GAP
CLOSING

"Admit that in a world of realigned non sequiturs, your short-sighted objectives is not only myopic but pulls the ladder out of the rug to Thinking the Unthinkable!"

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A man gets to his feet. He's from Mississippi, and he has a small manufacturing plant that employs twenty people. He pays one person the minimum of $1.60, others $1.80, two bucks, all the way up to about $3.50. He's already so mechanized and computerized that "even the ladies' room in the warehouse is air-conditioned." (He's funny and knows it. He's also dead serious.) But if he's forced to pay his end-of-the-line employee $1.80 he's probably going to have to raise the other nineteen employees too, and added to that is the higher payroll tax, heightened unemployment levies, the works. He can't mechanize further. He grossed over $1.25 million last year. His profit was—read it—0.006 per cent. If the minimum goes up, he'll have to let some people go.

Another ploy is obviously in order. Pucinski addresses himself to the room at large again. You know perfectly well, he says, that you people will not employ the lowest caliber worker if you can find a better caliber worker, now will you? And for a better worker you have to pay more. (Meaning over the minimum.)

A man in a bright blue suit gets up. There are some jobs that don't need high caliber labor. Like pushing brooms, or pumping gas. We'd rather pay more for the competent mechanic, a garage owner explains, than for a guy who stands around idle for much of the time, waiting for someone to come up and have his gas tank filled.

Dear, dear. The Congressman brightens up. Do I detect a feeling here that you people, you good Americans, the real backbone of the country, feel the government is antibusiness?

"Yes!" The audience roars it out. "Yes!" and cheers. "You said it first," someone yells from the back of the hall. They all laugh and the Moderator announces they're ten minutes late for lunch and he wants to thank Mr. Pucinski for taking the time out of his busy schedule to talk to them so—frankly. Applause. And the crowd, good-humored now, moves out. They have nothing against Mr. Pucinski. But they're more than ever confirmed in their belief that Washington doesn't understand their problems.

Buying a New Sony?

A beehive's an extractive operation:
The workers plunder pollen from each flower,
Extruding it in sticky adoration
For Queenie in her waxy beehive bower.
That's fine for bees, but when a foreign power
Thinks all the world's a clump of peonies,
It's time for other gardeners to sour
At sucking sounds from habits such as these.
I have in mind our friends the Japanese:
They're readying another export drive.
They do not come as traders but as bees;
Their motivation's strictly for the hive.
For heaven's sake, unless they share some honey,
We're nuts to let them buzz off with our money.

W. H. VON DREELE

Hoover-Berrigan-Wills

Our sometime associate and continuing friend Garry Wills raises what he chooses to call a point of honor—it is less than that, actually—concerning the protracted dispute over the behavior of J. Edgar Hoover.

You will recall that several months before Fr. Philip Berrigan was indicted, and his brother Dan named as co-conspirator, Mr. Hoover told a Senate Appropriations Committee that the Berrigans were being investigated in connection with an alleged conspiracy to kidnap Henry Kissinger.

Here is how *NR* (May 4) subsequently handled that story, and the implications of misbehavior by Mr. Hoover:

" . . . During a closed session of the House Appropriations Subcommittee, Hoover discussed the Berrigan affair, then under FBI investigation; this may have been indiscreet—but Hoover indicated that the investigation was being pursued, and the FBI itself made no release on the matter. The committee chairman decided to make the matter public, and it is here that the principal onus ought to lie."

Mr. Wills now responds:

"Look simply at the published facts. Hoover showed up before the subcommittee with *seventy-five copies* [GW's ital.] of the statement making his charges, and the charges were instantly made public when he left. That gave him a small cover of 'irresponsibility,' but the news media concluded that the release was done with his blessing—and they did not get one of those instant Bureau corrections that Hoover issues so readily. For NATIONAL REVIEW to go naive over this charade just shows us, again, how easily men's standards of honor are altered when it serves their purpose."

Mr. Wills' unpleasant implication is that *NR* suspended its honor by being intentionally naive. Well, we were unintentionally naive; which some will think worse. And we do not herewith impute dishonor, nor naiveté, merely a little slackness of habit—to Mr. Wills for the inaccuracies he in turn has now circulated.

We have checked the story entirely, and the facts are these:

1) Hoover arrived at the subcommittee's chambers not with 75, but with "25-35" copies of the statement implicating the Berrigans. That is the standard number of copies brought by witnesses to committee.

2) The chairman released the statement to the press not after Hoover was through giving his testimony, but before he began. The chairman, in other words, followed the normal practice. He would not have released the statement if Hoover had objected to it. If Hoover had intended to keep secret his testimony about the Berri-

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gans, he would not have written it into a statement, but made it orally, as he made other statements orally to the committee, which have not been divulged.

3) In other words, there was no attempt at dissimulation by Mr. Hoover,

Leaving Mr. Wills 4) only with the generic objection, which we share, to disclosing the FBI's interest in certain parties, in advance of their indictment. Whether there was a reason for this, for instance an attempt to scare off other parties whose existence the FBI knew about, but whose identity it did not, from proceeding with the same or a related plot, we do not know; and neither, incredibly, does Mr. Wills. We know only, and in this perhaps Mr. Wills will agree, that

5) What Mr. Hoover did, by his premature disclosure, in fact did not damage the Berrigans.

Notes & Asides

■ NEW YORK
WM F BUCKLEY
CONGRATULATIONS ON EDGAR SMITH. PLEASE QUOTE FEE FOR REPRESENTING ME AT MY NEXT TRIAL. ROY M COHN
NEW YORK

■ Dear Mr. Buckley: I had my own "impossible dream" the other night. There was this guy on TV sitting on a platform with a clipboard on his knee and a pencil up against his face. He fired at the guest sitting next to him, "Mr. Ali, isn't it kind of a sad commentary on the human being when a prize-fight can gain an audience the world over of 25 million people paying millions of dollars when there is allegedly so much starvation in the world? Couldn't that money be used to better advantage, say for social welfare." Mr. Ali fired back, "Mr. Buckley, if you ask that kind of a question then you don't know nothin' about the marketplace."

I didn't get your answer because the dream faded. I wonder what you said to him? Sincerely,
Dave Margolis
Shaker Heights, Ohio

■ Dear "Senator": Your communication with Mr. Robert Hitchcock anent his confusing you with Brother James has caused a good deal of local amusement here in Buffalo ["Notes & Asides," May 4].

Mr. Hitchcock is No. 2 man in the oldest of the highly respected law firms in this city. He is a "very well-informed" man who offers dicta on all matters, rightly or wrongly. To be thus caught with his pants down is most humiliating and to find himself the butt of your humor is even worse, especially when I, personally, saw fit to post the article on the bulletin board of one of the better clubs of which Mr. Hitchcock is a member.

The hilarity has become contagious.

Anon.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley: I, being both an ICS (Impoverished College Student) and a reader of yours, have decided to finance the rest of my education by writing a pornographic novel.

Being of the conservative persuasion, I wish to assure you that my book will be neither libelous, liberal, nor in poor taste. So as not to offend any non-trivial persons, I plan to write about the adventures of a 23-year-old women's lib sociologist who is accidentally locked in the vault of the Chase Manhattan Bank along with the entire staff of the *New York Times* by a group of Black Panthers.

This plot has appeal, no?

This brings me to the main purpose of this letter. Would you care to write the foreword to my novel? I realize that you probably have had little or no experience writing forewords for pornographic novels, but I feel that your talents are perhaps ideally suited to the task.

My typewriter lies idle awaiting your reply.

Your Humble Servant, Michael Veseth
418 South 54th St.
Tacoma, Wash.

Yes yes, Veseth, send it along. —*WFB*

■ A. M. Rosenthal
New York Times
Dear Mr. Rosenthal:

On page 1040 of the *New York Times Almanac*, directly under "Buchwald, Art, [See page] 600," I find the entry, "Buckley, James L., [See page] 29." Under "Buckley, James L.," there is no "Buckley, William F. Jr., [See page] 600." However, on page 600, directly under Buchwald, Art," appears the name "Buckley, William F." Now what I want to know, Mr. Rosenthal, is this: if Buchwald, Art, merits [See page] 600, why does not Buckley, William F. Jr., merit a [See page] 600? Or are you beginning, at the back of the book, to eliminate all "ruthless night riders of the political right," and have merely failed (for lack of time?) to carry through Operation Vaporization into the front of the book? I was so incautious as to say, at a recent press conference, that I had rights that Bob Hope doesn't have. Are you perhaps applying the contrapositive of that declaration, to wit that Buchwald, Art, has rights that Buckley, W., doesn't have? More of this, Rosenthal, and I'll have you back writing headlines, at the execution of which you are a demonstrated expert.

Yours truly,
Buckley, William F. Jr.
[See page] 600, 1971 Edition

—WFB

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JAMES BURNHAM

THE ANT HILL

THE PROTRACTED CONFLICT

Whatever else may come of the ping-pong turn, it has produced some excellent journalism. Of the dispatches I have seen, I particularly liked Tillman Durdin's, for the *New York Times*: packed with first-hand observations and sparing of "personal interpretation." The photographs have been informative and confirming supplements to the reports.

I am astonished at how little astonishment has been expressed at the picture of today's China that is being filled in. Marx and Lenin told us that with Communism prehistory would have ended and true history begun; a new kind of man as well as a new kind of society would come into being. Mao almost seems to have brought these prophecies to fulfillment. Looking at the photographs of these Mao-men, Mao-women, and Mao-children in their Mao-cities and Mao-villages, and reading the accounts of their conduct and talk, I keep rubbing my mind's eye. This is a science-fiction world; these are robots, or what the sf writers call "humanoids," not the human beings I know as men and women.

It cannot all have been a put-on; the scale was too large: still, a put-on even on that scale would be no more incredible than the seeming reality. Those millions of men, women and children swarming in those car-less streets, all in the same drab unadorned clothing, each with his little red book. Always and everywhere the Mao-icon watching. The total politicization. The relation of every activity to Mao's thought. The calm postponement of marriage for five, ten, fifteen years because Mao's thought prescribes delay. The reduction of the family to insignificance. The more than monastic austerity of the tiny dwelling-spaces—for even the severest monasteries had non-utilitarian things of joy and beauty in God's praise. The total acceptance, by all who had been through the cultural revolution's grinder, of the rightness of what had been done to them. The total absence of any argument, conflict, contradiction. The surgeons who used Mao's thoughts to splice severed limbs together; the farmers for whom Mao's thoughts watered their fields. The dizzy abstractions about imperialism and revisionism made into chants for workers and songs for school-children. The lack of any hint, anywhere, from anyone, of irony. How can there *be* such a country? How can *Chinese* conduct themselves according to such a script?

Mao and Metaphysics

Somehow these recent glimpses of China—of Maoland—have stimulated, in me at least, metaphysical rather than political or strategic reflections. They pose once more the eternal question: What is man? We should not make the mistake of assuming that there is nothing attractive in Mao's ant hill. It contains, rather, profound seductions for the disoriented psyche. The herd and swarming instincts are present in some degree in each of us. Throughout our own Western history, some of the best of us have sought salvation in the vow of poverty, chastity and obedience. For at least some of us the disgust with "consumer society" is more than the fashion of the moment. Even some of Mao's quirks are rather fascinating to muse on. Like, for example, this business of compelling intellectuals, scientists and administrators to work on the land and in factories. I can easily think of an intellectual or two who might benefit from a year on the lettuce farms or an auto assembly line; I could even name a professor for whom a parade around the campus in dunce's cap would be salubrious. This Chinese avatar of Satan is more subtle in his tempting than his predecessor who from the mountaintop offered all the riches and beauties of the world: Now he is promising the more intricate pleasure of renouncing them.

For the men of the West, however, the renunciation has always been for the sake of the realization of the self, not its negation; in theological language, the salvation of the individual soul, to be achieved finally in the Beatific Vision. The monastic assembly, though sworn to poverty, chastity and obedience, and outwardly regimented, was not in essence a swarm, not a mass, but a community of individuals. What the visitors seem to be seeing and hearing in Mao's China is the mass—the mob made for the first time in history into an enduring, malleable mass: not just many men and women, each by his essence an end in himself, but a single instrument fashioned for the use of its master.

Destiny of the Mass

The English writer, Brian Crozier, concludes in his chapter on Mao's mode of rule (in *The Masters of Power*): "In China, after the first gigantic blood-letting, terror—in the sense of physical violence and torture—stayed in the background. It was there in reserve, if the need for it arose. But in the everyday running of the People's Republic, mass persuasion took its place. . . . Mass persuasion was another form of terror, involving torture of the mind instead of the body. . . . The main lesson that emerges is that the purpose of a State ideology is to force conformity and obedience upon the citizens. . . . In China, under Mao Tse-tung, the use of totalitarian ideology in the service of permanent power [has] possibly reached its ultimate stage. . . . Only some future development of electronic thought-control devices seems likely to bring further improvement."

The notion irresistibly occurred to me: Only a nation within which the people had been transformed into an instrumental mass could deliberately launch nuclear war.

But *can* human beings be transformed into a permanent mass? □

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COVER STORY

A study of where black Africa is at today, and why, in the opinion of one Englishman, the South African idea of independent tribal Bantustans and apartheid may help bridge the gap between tribalism and urban civilization

An Englishman Tries To Understand Apartheid

TOM STACEY

IN WRITING about South Africa today, one must consider what is likely to be the natural evolution of human affairs in all of Africa south of the Sahara.

The critics of South Africa fall broadly into two groups: the ignorant, or the all-but ignorant, who join the chorus of fashionable protest, and those comparatively few who, knowing the facts, genuinely find the policy or the practice of apartheid objectionable. Those of us who feel that the policy of apartheid, despite its present awkwardness and theoretical rigidity, its frequent anomalies and occasional cruelties, is likely to prove the least unjust and painful of available choices, must ask both groups to relate their opinions to the broad situation in Africa, both historically and geographically. It is, therefore, to the whole phenomenon of African nationalism, and its bearing upon the relationship between the African and European races on that continent, that I would like to devote this article.

In covering the African scene as a newspaper correspondent throughout the whole of the heady crescendoing of so-called nationalism from the mid-Fifties to the disillusionment of the later Sixties, I found it necessary to bear constantly in mind two obscure but vital elements. Both are centrally relevant to the entire African scene, and seem likely to remain so for a long time to come. The first is the obvious if sensitive fact of an increasing number of Africans being troubled by the need to integrate. It is seldom fulfilled, to feel equal. Second is the poignant recollection of a lost and precious innocence—an innocence eaten away by the worldly wisdom of Western civilization, leaving a sense of insecurity.

The first fear—that a feeling of equality with the economically and culturally dominant races of the world will always be elusive—affects an ever widening section of the black African population throughout the whole continent. As education spreads, so also self-awareness enters the individual spirit; and with self-awareness comes an ability to stand aside from oneself, prompting for the first time the irritant: "Is our African race inferior in intelligence to the white race?" The comparison arises because Africans recognize it to have been the white race that in the first place supplied the education, and the urge to progress and compete, from which questions of comparative ability and advance inevitably spring. The continued economic subservience of Africa to the developed world naturally tends to exacerbate the nagging doubt.

Conversely, the second element—the recollection of a lost innocence—is growing more and more uncapturable under the strains of individuality and the struggle for prestige and the fascination for Western technology. This anamnesis is at once tenuous and persistent. It has been captured by a handful of Negro poets—Aime Cezarie from Martinique and Leopold Senghor of Senegal are the two foremost examples —and, of course, by countless unnamed musicians. It has been expressed, in its cultural form, especially among the francophone African territories as "negritude." In the English-speaking territories it was for a time embraced in the phrase "the African personality."

'His Place'

These two factors—the inferiority fear and the lost innocence—are contradictory. One cannot feel oneself heir to a uniquely precious understanding of life rooted in the archaic innocence of one's people without at the same time feeling possessive and proud of this inheritance. It is not surprising that when the two come together, a neurosis develops that can overwhelm, and perhaps is overwhelming the whole of black Africa. The exceptional petulance and sensitivity of such figures as Kaunda and Nkrumah, and (less often) Nyerere and Sékou Touré, indicate its presence.

In Southern Africa, one can come

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across many old-timers among the white men who will insist that the Africans are much happier when they are kept "in their place," without education, or political ideas or notions of progress and competition. There is inescapable truth in this view. For the peasant African, the tribal African, is not concerned about relative capabilities: He accepts the world as he finds it, and if he is spared natural disasters he will live on in contentment, submerged in his environment and in his group with all its ancient and subtly evolved sanctions and unquestioned disciplines, even if these are in part applied by white strangers. Life is secure, intuitively apprehended and governed by forces that are never challenged.

Elusive Heritage

In the towns and cities the mood is entirely different. In many ways, the African, who has left his compound in the bush and quit his foreordained role in the pyramidal structure of tribal life, making his way to the city, is much the same as any person the world over who leaves his ancestral fields for the racket and lights of the metropolis. In two profound respects, however, he is different.

Aware of himself for the first time, he finds virtually no continuity between anything that he might have consisted of hitherto, and anything that he is expected to consist of henceforth. What I mean by this is that there can be no extension of tribal existence once he has left the tribe. All his raison d'être, his Africanness, his "negritude," is void: There is no literature to preserve it; his oral tradition is quickly perishable; there is no elevated form of tribal culture that can be represented in the cities; he can momentarily regain himself once more only if he can find a drum and a few tribal brothers in some corner of the city and dance.

Compare this with the Indian peasantry or, say, the Spanish peasant converging upon Madrid or Seville. The Spanish peasant at once finds a café where the flamenco is danced as he danced it among his fellows. Even in the concert halls he knows well, they are performing on the guitar music that may be too lofty for him, but is drawn from the traditions he essentially shares. The songs he sings, the stories he grew up with—they are cropping up all around him, on the wireless, in popular literature. Even the buildings on all sides are, for the most part, the elaboration or splendid evolution of the stone cottages, fincas and haciendas that have been part of his experience and his forebears' for hundreds of years.

Not so for the African. He may squat in a mud-built hut on the edge of a concrete city or he may have moved straight into a concrete and tin bungalow standing in a gridded row; he may hear his native rhythms from time to time on a wireless. But there is little or no appreciable continuity from the mud to the concrete, or even from the tribal rhythms and songs to the Euro-American harmonies that dominate the air. Virtually nothing that is his, his own heritage, is stable, coherent, preserved, except in occasional fragments—what in dependent black Africa is often called folklore, a terminological slot in Western cultural vocabulary. For the most part, it is rejected, as he knows, by a culture fundamentally alien to him.

To be rejected not only by a foreign culture, that builds in stone and brick, concrete and glass, that thinks in the diatonic scale, that writes and reads stories rather than tells and listens to them, that disdains the climactic abandon of the dance, and so on, it is rejected also by a range of wholly foreign ideas: the elevation of individual personality, the spur of competition, the lust for power and material goods, the insistence on unremitting technical progress, the obsession with accumulating knowledge, the pinning down and preservation of artistic creativity. It is a culture that does not think in tribes and valleys and rivers, but in nations and power blocs, trade unions, classes and ideology.

The African knows this culture came from over the sea, but was brought by the white man who ruled his land from the days of his grandfather or grandfather's grandfather. Already, withdrawn from the cocoon of his native environment, he is approaching self-awareness for the first time in his life. He is naked like Adam before a white god prying into his own ancestral grounds. The fears have already begun to taunt the subconscious that he, as an African, must succumb to this other, non-African ethos in all things, that his African soul must be swamped by the European soul.

At once he resists these conclusions. Yet when he reaches out to grasp his Africanness, to hang on to it, its palpable form eludes him in any medium of expression open to him. Once I discussed "the African personality" in an Ilyushin aircraft flying from Accra to Léopoldville (now Kinshasa) taking its handful of official Ghanaian passengers to Lumumba's Pan-African Conference in August 1960. The concept of the "African personality" impregnated the whole agenda. Lumumba himself drew the longest applause by the sentence in his opening speech: "The new African shall not be American, not British, not French, not Russian—but African!" My companion on the aircraft, a Ghanaian delegate, was full of talk about the meaning of the African personality—"positive neutralism," "African socialism," "re-Africanization," "negritude" . . . I pressed him gently for definitions of these opaque but passionately defended terms. Finally, he illustrated the central idea by saying that when the Osagyefo, the Redeemer (i.e., Nkrumah), went abroad, gin was poured on the runway as a libation.

The concept of a secure "Africanness" among the educated or semi-educated tends of its own nature to evaporate. The self-aware, detribalized African can no more go back to recover his own Africanness, his culture, the precious intuitive association with life that was his birthright, than Nicodemus can re-enter his mother's womb.

Guilt and Neurosis

One notes at once the cultural consequences of this in Africa today. Despite all the talk and effort, the expressions of African culture outside the tribe are today rare and fragile—a Guinea ballet, novels of charm from Amos Tutuola and Chinua Achebe, the plays of Soyinka, fragments of poetry emanating as much from Martinique and the Sorbonne as from Africa, the books of Noni Jabava on her Xhosa homeland. There is the *kewla* penny-whistle music of the South African mines; and on a lower level, grotesque masks manufactured for tourists, pagan churches aping Christianity, gin spilt at Accra airport. The culture gap has been too great and time insufficient for anything comparable to that gentle osmosis that has produced the Creole literature of the West Indies, the hybrid music of the Mississippi and Chicago or the cultural amalgam of tropical Brazil.

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That part of black Africa which is nominally Christianized—the bulk of the continent—has received from Christianity no influence comparable in depth and pervasiveness to that which pays allegiance to Islam, an important "bridging" factor. Not only is Christianity, for the most part, of much more recent introduction and consistently hampered by the factiousness of the missionaries, but it has been discredited—probably irreparably—by the discovery among more and more Africans that most white men themselves neither practice nor even believe in the faith they so ardently export.

I suggest that because the transition has not yet appreciably taken place, the swift evolution of black Africans toward a form of life recognizable to men of European heritage as "civilized" will not now take place. Multiracialism is, in the span of history available, unattainable. At least 80 per cent of Africans live the traditional life submerged in their tribal environment. The emerging African, while needing his own roots as any evolving nation or people needs its roots, is at the same time rejecting them, and in rejecting them with guilt he is undermining ground in which a confident culture of his own, outside the tribe, could grow.

Evidence of guilt and neurosis is everywhere in black-ruled Africa. Kwame Nkrumah of Ghana, deposed for his tyranny in 1965, illustrated the state of mind perhaps most vividly of all. Nkrumah, in his struggle to feel equal, had to appear more than equal, to have himself likened officially to Jesus Christ, to have history rewritten, to demonstrate that the major advances in world civilization from the ancient Greeks onward were, in fact, made in Africa.

The disquiet and fear are, of course, the outcome of the association between the two principal races over the past one to three centuries. They are not the result of colonization or colonialism as such. Many presumed that, with the end of colonization in sub-Saharan Africa, and with the readiness of the purveyor of the advanced technical culture to share it and the secrets of its functioning, the sense of inferiority would swiftly dissolve. The facts have refuted that expectation. Astonishing as it has seemed to some, the opposite has been taking place. The neurosis has grown more marked.

The reason has been that, for as long as colonialism was still present, or some form of obvious domination of the black race by the white, there was an inherent justification for any lurking anxiety about inferiority. As the colonial hand was removed from so much of Africa, so all overt justification for fears of inferiority was removed too. Yet the fears persisted, for the reasons I have tried to outline; and bereft of their former justification, they have proliferated and infected the whole personality, individually and socially.

This is why the visitor to Africa today, when traveling throughout the continent from the black-ruled areas to the white-ruled, and associating so far as possible with urban Africa all the way, is struck by the relative peace of mind among Africans in the white-ruled areas, and the relative ease of relationships between the races where a white rule remains.

It also helps to explain why every year a quarter of a million or so Africans from black-ruled countries choose to enter white-ruled Southern Africa on temporary permits to work in the big labor-intensive industries of the south, and why several thousands of Africans smuggle themselves into South Africa each year. The multifarious forms of discrimination, which can appear so offensive to the sensitive eye of the outsider, not only do not pierce as the outsider would imagine, but are (for the most part) an acceptable part of a hierarchy that, by reflecting an intuitively perceived reality, comforts rather than irritates.

Of course, full corporate expression of "Africanness" is not possible in any area throughout the continent where massive, urban industries dominate the locality. But in South Africa itself an entirely genuine respect for the need for such expression is represented in the Bantustan policy. By this, as the reader will know, a number of traditional tribal structures are preserved within a broadly democratic structure. It is my belief that Tswanaland will be given its independence by South Africa within four years of the time of writing, and the Transkei, the Xhosa homeland, within a few years more.

These developments, I suspect, will fundamentally alter the attitude of much of the international community toward South Africa.

From this brief analysis I would now

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like to draw some conclusions in relation to South Africa. The first is that, for the most part, black-ruled Africa is in for a long, long period of turmoil. Caught between an uncapturable past and an unrealized future, few African nationalist leaders know with any certainty where they are going, or what kind of society they hope to evolve. Some have attempted a definition—Nyerere in his concept of *ujamaa*, familyhood; Senghor in his somewhat self-conscious "African socialism," which might be described as a benevolent one-partyism based on tribal structures with a wide measure of communal ownership. Invariably the practice falls hopelessly short of the ideal. Virtually every African state today is a dictatorship circumscribed, to a lesser or greater extent, by a constitution. Proportionately, there are far more men in prison on account of their political attitudes in such countries as Tanzania than there are in South Africa. Internally African leaders tend to rule from day to day, their greatest efforts being devoted to staying in power.

As a corollary of this lack of direction, we can expect little or nothing to emerge from the portentous pronouncements and conferences concerning African unity. Recent history in black Africa has emphasized its divisive, not its cohesive, tendencies. I am not referring so much to single territories like the Congo, the Sudan, Nigeria or Chad, but to its international and inter-African alignments—the so-called extremists and the moderates, the English-speaking and French-speaking territories, the violent liberators and the nonviolent. In practice, no one with any first-hand acquaintance with the situation on the ground has any expectation whatever of a racial jihad launched across the Zambesi or the Limpopo by black African armies.

Economic Ties

There is, in reality, rapidly increasing interdependence between white Africa and black Africa. People of African nations, as of all other nations, are much more interested in their own prosperity and security than in idealistic military adventures abroad. Their leaders know this very well. For Zambia, dependent upon South Africa for 40 per cent of its imports, to be involved in an all-out assault upon South Africa, would—even if it were practicable—be utterly disastrous for President Kaunda. On the ground, black Africa and white Africa (particularly South Africa) are drawing closer together all the time. They are probably already indissoluble. This fact, above all, will serve as the best guarantee of the survival of South Africa.

Vorster's *uitwaartse beleid* ("outward movement") policy pursued by his foreign secretary, Hilgard Muller, applies to every well-disposed country in Africa. Trading and industrial links with Zambia are immensely ramified. They are becoming more and more so with Malawi, whose new capital, Lilongwe, is being built by South African construction engineers and a South African financial consortium backed by a South African government long-term loan of $12.5 million at 4 per cent. South Africa has put up another $15 million for the building of a rail link between the Malawi rail system and the Mozambique border, and another $8.75 million for Malawi's first sugar mill. Vorster and Banda have exchanged official visits, and each country has a diplomatic mission in the other, including a black Malawian in Cape Town. Relations with Madagascar are developing along similar lines.

In Swaziland, asbestos, iron and sugar are produced in the closest cooperation with South Africa. In Botswana, South Africa is fully involved with the development of copper, nickel and diamonds. South Africa is assisting Lesotho with technical aid—for example, by supplying judges, magistrates, agricultural experts and doctors. There is the vast Oxbow hydroelectric scheme jointly developed by Lesotho and South Africa. The Cabora Bassa hydroelectric scheme on the Zambesi, in Mozambique, being built largely by South Africa, has become a recent target of assault by those most bitterly hostile to South Africa. But there seems little doubt that it will be able to provide much-needed cheap power for Zambia. South African exports are being bought by most of French-speaking Africa, and South African veterinary services are accepted and used by virtually the whole of the continent. Francophone Africa as a whole, exemplified by Felix Houphouët-Boigny of the Ivory Coast, looks for coexistence with South Africa and a softening of her policies by dialogue not confrontation.

The commercial and other practical international links reflect an entirely natural neutral alliance between black Africa and white. South Africa's white-managed technology and industry are attractive to black Africans not only as a source of prosperity and, indirectly, as a release from neurosis, but also as a means of participating in a practical, down-to-earth way in the dominating culture to which, once "emerged," they are committed. This opportunity is a formidable stabilizer. Directly contrary to the superficial assumptions, African professional men, and the host of highly skilled men and women in other fields, are filling the prevailing vacuum and generating essential confidence; while at the same time South African policy provides for relatively untrameled self-development in the all-black, soon to be independent, Bantustans. Apartheid at this stage in history is psychologically and culturally apt, at least in its approach.

The Mood Today

Left alone, there would be little or no need of enforced discrimination in South Africa. As currently fashionable ideas of African nationalism and egalitarianism fade, black Africans' instinctive contentment within a white-dominated industrial and political system will prevail. There is no likelihood of violent revolution in South Africa. By constantly invoking it in South Africa itself (where the press freely reports such prognostications) and elsewhere, Archbishop Ramsey and his fellow international moralists might succeed in igniting a wave of terrorism that could never succeed and would certainly induce just that repression they rightly deplore.

If today's mood of confidence and peace prevails, the whites, for their part, will lose their sense of panic and discover that for talented Africans to rise naturally to high positions, or for intermarriage to occur among that small group does not threaten the basic emphasis of power and society. Apartheid as a conscious system will, in my belief, fall away, even if strict rules of nationality will continue to apply. A "Brazilian" solution of a pyramidal society in which the top is largely white and the base overwhelmingly black may be expected to evolve over a couple of centuries, given no gross external interference or artificially stimulated racial crisis. □

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MR. NIXON'S OPTIONS

The China Question, Once Again

FRANK N. TRAGER

IT IS NOT an exaggeration to say that "China" as an international issue has held a, if not the, front and center position in U.S. Asian policy throughout the twentieth century. Beginning with the Open Door Notes, 1899-1900, we have made manifest the American interest in the preservation of an independent China. The latter, especially after its successful nationalist revolution of 1911 that established the Republic of China (RC), became successively an ally in the two World Wars, a founding member of the United Nations, and one of the five permanent members with veto powers in the United Nations' Security Council.

This is not the place to rehash the pros and cons of U.S. policy during the post World War II war between the Nationalist or Kuomintang government of the Republic of China and its Communist opposition. The latter led by Mao Tse-tung won out on the mainland; the Nationalist government removed itself to Taiwan, historically a province of China, and the surrounding small islands. The U.S. washed its hands of the Mao-Chiang conflict in the notorious "White Paper" of 1949. President Truman permitted the American diplomatic establishment to remain in the mainland after the Communist victory in October 1949. The point of that action probably was to show that the U.S. was prepared to recognize the Communist regime of the People's Republic of China (PRC) after a reasonable dust-settling period. However, the PRC carried on a campaign of harassment against the China-based American diplomatic group; and by the spring of 1950 we withdrew our ambassador and all subordinate officials. The Korean war in June 1950 sealed the issue of recognition.

Once again the U.S. turned to the Republic of China on Taiwan and by December 1954 extended to it the benefits of a bilateral defense treaty. This is our commitment to the Nationalist government on Taiwan. "The purpose of the treaty," writes President Nixon in the second of his two important "Reports to the Congress on U.S. Foreign Policy for the 1970s," February 25, 1971, "is exclusively defense, and it controls the entire range of our military relationship with the Republic of China." That means we are committed to defend the RC on Taiwan against any aggression from the PRC on the mainland. This narrowly defined commitment, equivalent to a law of the land for which the President is the constitutionally responsible executive agent, stands until the treaty is amended or denounced. But it leaves open the status of Taiwan itself. By agreement of the Allies at the 1943 Cairo conference, the island, taken from China by an earlier Japanese conquest, was to revert to China. Each government on Chinese soil claims to be the representative government of all of China.

Healing the Breach

It should also be noted that again and again the President has said that we shall keep our commitments. In the case of the PRC he has (in the second "Report") carefully added "the evolution of our dialogue with Peking cannot be constructed at [the] expense" of our security treaties with our Asian allies. It is this present dialogue with Peking along with the July 1969 Guam announcement of Vietnamization (and the more inclusive Nixon Doctrine) that is at least unsettling for our Asian allies! Despite the two Asian visits of Vice President Agnew, undertaken at the President's request "to clarify the Nixon Doctrine," the thrust of that doctrine requires further clarification with respect to the full meaning of American "withdrawal" in part from Korea, Japan-Okinawa, Thailand and Vietnam, and especially so now in the light of the evolving Peking dialogue.

The dialogue suddenly accelerated as a result of the April 1971 ping-pong episode. To the strains "of soft orchestral music" fifteen members of the U.S. Table Tennis Team were welcomed to Communist China. The selection by the Chinese of this particular "signal" is not without humor and psychological warfare import. For the Chinese Team operating before a global stage easily and somewhat graciously vanquished the American Team. Before and since the match Washington and Peking had been exchanging "messages."

Washington: President Nixon frequently has made clear his desire for an era of negotiation rather than confrontation. In his earlier February 1970 "Report" he wrote that though there "is a gulf of ideology" and "apparent differences" between us, the "principles underlying our relations with Communist China are similar to those governing our policies toward the USSR." He doubted, however, that U.S. policy would "have much impact on China's behavior" . . . but, "we take what steps we can toward improved practical relations." One result of this was the resumption of diplomatic U.S.-PRC exchanges at the ambassadorial level in Warsaw—a series begun in the 1950s. These talks were ended by Peking in May 1970 following the U.S.-Vietnamese defensive attacks on North Vietnamese sanctuaries in Cambodia. President Nixon was not discouraged from further overtures to Peking. He tells us in the February 1971 "Report" that we unilaterally undertook selective licensing of goods for exports, lifted certain restrictions on shipping and validated up to a thousand American passports for travel to the PRC. But, he added, "only three holders of such passports were permitted entry in 1970."

Peking: One of these was Edgar Snow who, with the consent of Mao Tse-tung, reported (*Life*, April 20, 1971) on his visit (December 1970-February 1971) and conversations with Mao. There is every reason to accept Snow's report as containing "messages" in reply to those sent by President Nixon.

> In the meantime, he [Mao] said, the foreign ministry was studying the matter of admitting Americans from the left, middle and right to visit China. Should rightists like Nixon, who represented the monopoly capitalists, be permitted to come? He should be welcomed because, Mao explained, at present the problems between China and the U.S.A. would have to be solved with Nixon. Mao would be happy to talk with him, either as a tourist or President.
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> I [Snow] unfortunately could not repre-

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sent the United States, he said; I was not a monopoly capitalist. Could *I* settle the Taiwan question? Why continue such a stalemate? Chiang Kai-shek has not died yet. But what had Taiwan to do with Nixon? That question was created by Truman and Acheson.

Snow writes further:

> The head of one European mission in Peking, who had already made one trip to see President Nixon, returned to Washington last December. He bypassed the State Department to confer at the White House and was back in China in January. From another and unimpeachable diplomatic source I learned, not long before my departure from Peking in February 1971, that the White House had once more conveyed a message asking how a personal representative of the President would be received in the Chinese capital for conversations with highest Chinese leaders. . . .

This brings us to the April 1971 ping-pong episode. Chou En-lai said, to the hippie member of the team, that their visit "opened a new page in the relations of the Chinese and American people." Newsmen "in batches" would be admitted and the Chinese Table Tennis Team would accept invitations to travel abroad (to the U.S. of course).

In the euphoric rush to heal the breach created by the Chinese Communists after they came to power in 1949, the President, encouraged by many including those who otherwise opposed him, has taken steps to grant Peking roughly the same direct trade position (in nonstrategic goods) accorded to the USSR and other Communist countries. This involves relaxation of dollar-exchange controls, ship and air transportation of goods to PRC ports, servicing of ships and planes dealing with Peking, more visas and "cultural" (i.e., ping-pong team) exchanges, etc.

John Fairbank (*New York Times*, April 18), after a completely distorted thrust at alleged U.S. "aggression on China's doorstep" (referring to U.S. bombing of the North Vietnamese Communist aggressors in February 1965), believes that "the time is ripe for China to shift outward again"; and he apportions some credit for this to "the Nixon Administration's long continued overtures for contact with Peking." A wiser, infinitely more experienced hand, Tillman Durdin, who has probably spent more time in reporting China from China than any living journalist, cautions from Shanghai that "the somewhat improved atmosphere may make it easier for Peking and Washington to consider their differences. But it does not appear to have caused the Chinese to modify any positions at the core of those differences" (*New York Times*, May 5).

The *core* of those differences is still Taiwan, the seat of the government of the Republic of China, our ally and friend. There are still the two *governments* claiming sovereignty over the *one* China.

Nixon's Options

The "evolving dialogue" and "practical relations" with the PRC sought by President Nixon now present him with two intertwined serious issues: that of recognition and of admission to the United Nations. He can postpone the former while continuing the dialogue and assessing the development of practical relations. He cannot put off the latter.

The issue of the PRC and the UN is now acute as we prepare for the regular fall session of the UN General Assembly (UNGA). There, the so-called Albanian (Algerian) Resolution, providing for the entrance of the People's Republic of China, the expulsion of the Republic of China and seating the former in the latter's place in the UN Security Council will once again be on the agenda. Last year the UNGA voted that resolution a simple majority (51-49), but because the Assembly had previously determined that this issue was procedurally an "important question," the Albanian Resolution required a two-thirds majority. It, therefore, failed of passage despite the majority for it. What now?

In the interim, several countries, e.g., Canada, have exchanged formal instruments of recognition with the PRC leading, thereby, to the severance of relations with the RC. Other countries are also in the process of doing this. The U.S. had formerly counted on their votes for the "important question." It is uncertain whether the U.S. could now manage to find a majority vote on the procedural "important question." Thus the Albanian Resolution—*in the absence of any contesting alternative*—could win by a simple majority. In that case the PRC, guided by one of the most able political leaders in the world, Chou En-lai, and benefiting from its new ping-pong stance extended to many countries since the end of the so-called Cultural Revolution (1966-1969), would achieve one of its stated goals: to *be* China in the UNGA, to replace the RC in the Security Council and to force the RC's expulsion from the United Nations.

Since the President's policy toward Peking has in no small measure contributed to the potential success of the Albanian Resolution what, in the very short time before the UNGA meets, can he do to maintain his Peking policy while avoiding a major diplomatic defeat for the U.S. and the humiliation of a long-time friend and ally to whom we have a commitment? What in effect are his options? As I see them, they are:

1) Now, openly, to campaign hard for the "important question" thus once again forcing a two-thirds majority for the substantive vote on the Albanian Resolution.
Comment: Even if the U.S. does this, a favorable vote once again on the procedural "important question" is by no means certain in view of the shift among our allies. Additionally, an arm-twisting campaign for the "important question" jeopardizes some of the President's political gains from the evolving Peking dialogue.

2) Avoid a hard, arm-twisting campaign for the "important question" but introduce it and abide more or less quietly by the outcome. If a majority for it were to be achieved, the Albanian Resolution in the present political climate would still have a chance for success. If it failed, the Albanian Resolution would triumph.
Comment: This option decreases the jeopardy of the President's Peking policy but increases the possibility of loss for Washington and humiliation for Taipei.

3a) Campaign now for the "important issue" and table either directly or through some friendly delegation an alternative resolution to the Albanian Resolution.

b) Avoid an arm-twisting campaign for the "important issue" but proceed as in (3a).
Comment: Win or lose on the two-thirds vote, the U.S. posture retains the virtue of consistency but relies chiefly on the persuasiveness of the *new alternative resolution*. With respect to Peking relations, 3a) and 3b) result in a fashion comparable

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LETTER FROM A FRESHMAN

Getting Used to the System

EDWARD VASQUEZ

I'VE BEEN most forcibly struck by one significant difference between high school and college as I end my first year here at Columbia. That is the degree to which intolerance, and indeed personal hostility, toward opposing points of view seems to have proliferated.

This is most strikingly evident, at least in my case, in classroom discussions which touch on social or political issues.

I have one course, entitled Contemporary Civilization, in which such political discussions are apt to arise. The course, which is required of everyone at Columbia College, consists of reading and discussing of sociopolitical works of the European Renaissance and Enlightenment. Authors such as Erasmus, Thomas More and John Locke are read and commented upon by the class. The assignment of Thomas More's *Utopia* led to the rather curious discussion about which I should like to write.

One student in the class was asked to give an oral presentation in which he would summarize the book, answer questions that might arise regarding his exegesis, and give his opinion of the book. He performed the first two functions and then stated his opinion, which was that he disagreed with the book and thought the society contained therein very constrained. The discussion then ambled on with most of the kids participating in what was a rather normal, and mildly interesting, exchange of views. Someone then, in response to a question as to why More wrote *Utopia*, suggested that he was attempting to remedy the institutionalized exploitation which ravaged his society, even as such institutionalized exploitation continues to ravage our own sick society. The instructor nodded his head in acquiescence, offering the opinion that no one would question the veracity of such a pearl of wisdom. Sensing that my hour had come, I suggested that the instructor had a pleasant surprise in store for him because I thought that statement utterly vacuous, and would love to be told just whom our wicked society was "institutionally exploiting." The class, nearly delirious at the thought that anyone could be so fatuous, moaned and shook its collective head. When I reiterated the question a gentleman on the opposite end of the classroom turned to me and pronounced what he thought to be the last words on the subject: Puerto Rico.

"How is the United States exploiting Puerto Rico?" I asked. His answer consisted of an incredulous stare followed by the incantation (handy for any occasion): "Oh, *come on* man, you gotta be kidding." When I had assured him that I was quite serious he began his indictment.

"The U.S. has been exploiting Puerto Rico ever since it got its hands on it." Now, if the truth be known, I am not particularly familiar with Puerto Rican history, the idea never having occurred to me that it would become a great issue, accordingly some hasty improvisation was in order. I interrupted his extravagances to ask for a few specifics and to attempt to delineate the advantages which accrued to Puerto Rico from its close ties with the U.S. As I was beginning to speak my adversary tersely interjected:

"Hey man, you gonna talk or you gonna listen? You wanna talk . . . talk!" And with that he turned his back upon me to fume silently at the wall.

Needless to say I was somewhat disconcerted. Having just finished four years of high school in which I was constantly engaged in classroom argument, and never having been accorded such childish or rude treatment, I reflected a second.

I decided, what the hell, the show must go on and offered to be silent until my opponent had finished. This apparently satisfied him sufficiently to cause him to cease his pouting, turn around and say:

"OK, man. The U.S. exploits Puerto Rico like this: 1) it owns 14 per cent of our land, *14 per cent*, and Puerto Rico isn't a very big island!"

Unable to restrain my natural sarcastic inclinations I remarked that 14 per cent was the same whether one discussed Puerto Rico or Jupiter; percentages having been invented to eliminate the need for a quantitative knowledge of one's subject. He did not appreciate the lesson in logic and continued even more exasperatedly.

"That land is used for military bases. And it's always the best land! Another thing; we can't even refine our own sugar cane, we have to send it here to be refined. If that isn't exploitation I should love to know what is!"

I began my rebuttal with the observation that he certainly *didn't* know "what exploitation is" and had documented his ignorance. That enthymeme about the military bases assumed that they are intrinsically exploitative; meaning that the U.S. Government was exploiting, say, England during World War II when we had military bases there. Further, I said, the bases are obviously staffed with a lot of servicemen who presumably spend their pay in Puerto Rico, and . . . but I could get no further, indeed, I doubt that anyone had heard what I had said thus far, for the classroom from the beginning of the exchange had erupted into an anarchistic cacophony the essence of which was that I was perfidious and obtuse beyond even divine powers of redemption.

AS I ONCE AGAIN attempt to focus on the arguments just presented, a kid in front of me, having just received a flush of insight, turned around and blurted:

"Yeah, well I worked in a grocery store and no Puerto Rican there was ever more than a delivery boy! Isn't that exploitation?"

Hoping against hope that I could resuscitate reason, which was dying a most painful death, I replied:

"Well *I* worked in a factory in which all Puerto Ricans were given free doughnuts on their birthdays! Does that mean that they were the exploiters?"

And then, I swear to God, he started to dissect *my* statement. Things got fuzzy after that. I think I started to cry, I don't know. It's really excruciating to have to *tell* someone that your statement was a *reductio ad absurdum* of his *own* point.

I then tried a serious approach.

"Look," I said, "if all the Puerto Ricans in your store were just delivery

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boys then obviously they weren't being exploited. Since exploitation means, dictionary-definition-wise, the utilization of a given resource to its fullest capacity, then placing an artificial limitation on the job you give a person because of race or ethnic background or whatever is precisely the opposite of exploitation. Right?"

Wrong. But don't ask me why.

I tried to return to the subject of Puerto Rico *again* by mentioning the plebiscite in which the Puerto Ricans approved their ties to the U.S. The teacher then, for the first time, interrupted, and with great solemnity intoned:

"No one is denying that there was a plebiscite. But I hope that you never must face a choice between subservience and starvation."

I was going to suggest that he have that written up and inserted in a fortune cookie, but the period ended.

As I was leaving, the instructor approached me and observed "that it took courage to speak up as you did." Why the simple act of expressing an opinion in a *classroom* is courageous is beyond me. Then again, I keep getting the murky feeling that he was referring to *physical* courage.

The next class was even more irritating. Again discussing More's *Utopia*, the point was raised that More, in criticizing such things as land enclosures, was indicting the capitalist system. I raised my hand and suggested that if that were the case then More must have been consulting a crystal ball, since capitalism didn't exist, in any recognizable form, in the England of 1510.

Well then, what did exist? I was asked.

"Why, feudalism." I replied.

"Now wait a minute." I was accosted, "Isn't it capitalism (referring to the land enclosures) to run peasants off their land so that the lords could graze sheep and sell the wool at a big profit?"

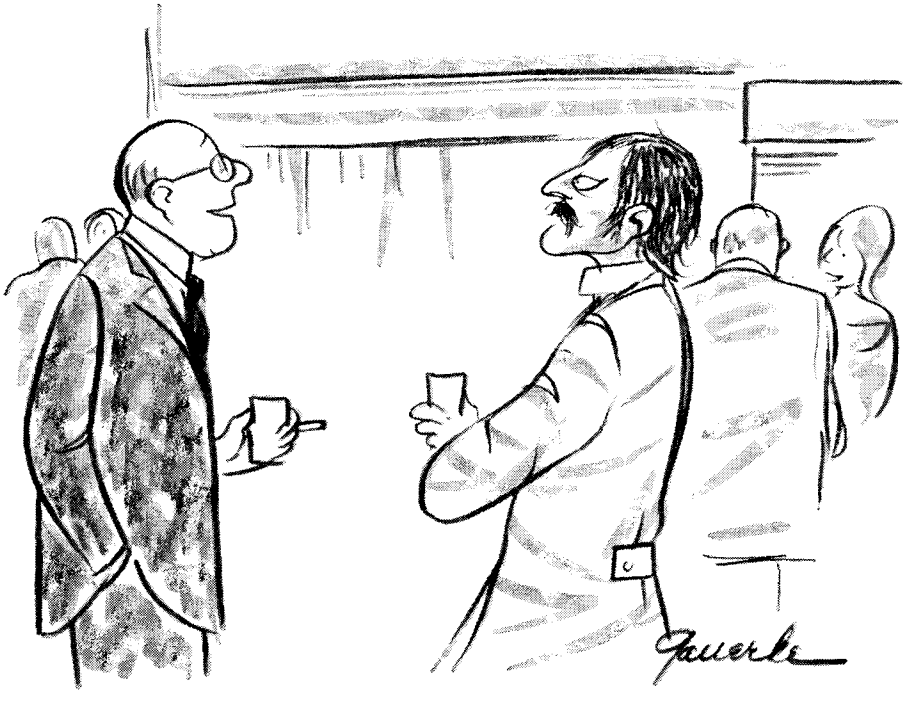
Do they really believe that all capitalism consists of is somebody making a profit? I mused to myself. What a strange definition, the rigorous application of which would make Attila the Hun a greater "capitalist" then J. P. Getty.

"How you ever got the impression," I began, "that a system which vests plenipotentiary power in a man by virtue of his lineage, and allows him to dispose of people and property by royal whim, is capitalistic is beyond my comprehension. In fact it is just the opposite."

"But, Ed, don't you see?" the teacher interjected exasperatedly.

"No, I most certainly do not see." I rejoined. "Why don't you show me?"

"All right, I will," he began. "Look, you're assuming that a system of private property upon which capitalism is based existed, but that system didn't exist."



"I'm middle class. Which class are you?"

I replied: "Precisely my point. If this system of private property, upon which capitalism is predicated, didn't exist, then neither did capitalism! Doesn't that follow?"

Then, he said: "Listen, we're not really accomplishing anything with this quibbling. If you regard our comments as a slur to the good name of capitalism, then accept our apologies on its behalf."

The class chuckled approvingly, and, I must admit, so did I. Coming after all those verbal pyrotechnics it was rather amusing. While mentally awarding the instructor two points I replied:

"I didn't intend to sound like Sir Galahad leaping to the rescue of Purity raped. But I do regard it as a slur upon the good name of reason to be so slipshod in our definitions."

With that the discussion proceeded to less controversial topics.

I don't want to overstate my case and descend to melodrama. I am not contemplating a transfer to Bob Jones University, nor am I contemplating silence; I have an irrepressibly big mouth. But two dilemmas are apparent: 1) expressing an opinion becomes an onerous duty, like getting out of bed for a nine o'clock class. I love to debate. (Indeed, a class of conservatives would drive me insane, for there would be no one to argue with.) But it's clearly impossible to debate thirty different people, raising thirty different points simultaneously. And yet you must; that is, you must if you're concerned, not only with rebutting erroneous opinions, but with maintaining the intellectual vitality of your own views. For I believe that the vitality of any view is bound to evanesce if it encounters no challenge. If a college campus becomes a place where the conformist vectors converge to scorn the articulation of any save one narrow viewpoint, then we will have a situation in which it becomes necessary for the student to "choose sides" intellectually before he enters college. Knowing that any attempt to dissent from the prescribed idea patterns will result, not in rational debate, but in emotional scorn, the student must blithely ignore countervailing opinion, allowing his ideas to take on the air of a taste for kosher pickles, i.e., something which is simply there and cannot be argued. It is truly ironic that students, who have (quite correctly) eliminated conformity in such inconsequential matters as hair

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VETERANS' ENCAMPMENT

Who Is Al Hubbard?

WILLIAM OVEREND

Al Hubbard is the executive director of the Vietnam Veterans against the War. I first met him the morning of April 21 at the VVAW "camp-in" on the Capitol Mall in Washington. He was sitting on a flatbed truck, explaining to a circle of six hundred or so members of his group that the Supreme Court had upheld the earlier ruling that the Veterans would not be allowed to sleep on the Mall that night. He was very calm and soft-spoken about it all, at one point interrupting himself to ask that volunteers take down a Vietcong flag someone had stuck in a tree. When he was finished talking, I went up to Hubbard and introduced myself and asked him about his service record, among other things. He said he had been an Air Force captain.

Actually, if I had watched *Meet the Press* the previous Sunday, I wouldn't have needed to ask that question at all. Hubbard had been introduced on that show by Lawrence E. Spivak as a former captain who had spent two years in Vietnam, and who had been decorated and injured in the process. The way it was later explained to me at the Washington "camp-in" was that Hubbard had been flying a transport plane into Danang one day in 1966 when he "caught some shrapnel in the spine."

That was April 21. On April 22, the story began to change. According to Frank Jordan, the Washington Bureau Chief of NBC News, NBC got a tip that Al Hubbard hadn't been an Air Force captain, but instead an Air Force sergeant. NBC reached Hubbard at a Washington hotel that night, asked Hubbard about the tip, and got a confession that, indeed, he had been lying about his rank. NBC broadcast that on its 11 P.M. news that night and also interviewed Hubbard on the *Today Show* the next morning. As NBC's Jordan remembers it, Hubbard explained he made up the business about having been an officer: "He was convinced no one would listen to a black man who was also an enlisted man."

Two weeks later, John Kerry, Yale's contribution to the VVAW, recalled that *Today Show* interview, citing it as proof of Hubbard's sincerity. "Al owned up to the rank question," said Kerry. "He thought it was time to tell the truth, and he did it because he thought it would be best for the organization." That, of course, neglects the fact that NBC had confronted Hubbard with its "tip" prior to the interview.

The next development was a Defense Department news release: "Alfred H. Hubbard entered the Air Force in October 1952, re-enlisted twice and was honorably discharged in October 1966, when his enlistment expired. At the time of his discharge he was an instructor flight engineer on C-123 aircraft with the 7th Air Transport Squadron, McCord Air Force Base, Tacoma, Washington. *There is no record of any service in Vietnam, but since he was an air crew member he could have been in Vietnam for brief periods during cargo loading, unloading operations or for crew rest purposes.* His highest grade held was Staff Sergeant E-5."

That raised an important new question about Hubbard's background. Not only was there his word for it that he'd lied about his rank, now the Defense Department was announcing it didn't have any record of his having served in Vietnam at all. As a liberally oriented newsman, sympathetic to the Vietnam Vets and impressed personally by Hubbard's leadership qualities, that came as something of a jolt.

Clearly, if Hubbard had spent considerable time in VA hospitals, the Veterans Administration would have a record of it. A spokesman for the Veterans Administration, however, while confirming that Hubbard did have a sizable medical record, refused to give out any details, saying that would be an invasion of Hubbard's privacy. He said the only thing the VA would say about Hubbard was that he has a service-connected disability of 60 per cent and that he has been receiving $163 a month.

So Al Hubbard had been seriously injured while in the Service. But the VA would not say whether it was during the Vietnam years or earlier. For after all, Hubbard had enlisted back in 1952. Conceivably, an air crash, if there was one, could have taken place long before 1966. I asked the Defense Department some additional questions: What medals had Hubbard received? What about a plane crash in 1966? And the answers came back: A Korean Service Medal, United Nations Medal, National Defense Medal, four Good Conduct Medals, Air Force Longevity Service Award, Air Force Unit Award and Air Force Expeditionary Medal. But no Purple Heart, and no mention of a Vietnamese Service Ribbon, which, according to the Pentagon, can be rightfully claimed by any member of an air crew serving in Vietnam, even briefly.

Despite that, Defense Department officials stressed it was still possible Hubbard could have served in Vietnam, flying in and out from Tacoma. However, they were skeptical in the extreme of the Danang air crash story. As one spokesman put it: "As far as we know there is no record of his having been involved in a plane crash ever in Vietnam. If he had been, and he'd been seriously hurt, he would have been in a military hospital in Danang. And it would have shown up in our records."

But what about that 60 per cent disability? Obviously, something had happened to Hubbard at some point during his Service career? It was suggested that I ask Hubbard about that. That seemed to make sense. But there was a slight problem, in that it was becoming difficult to find out where Hubbard was. Most of the Vets had returned to their homes after the April 24 March. But Hubbard and a few dozen others stayed on for the more militant Mayday activities. And on May 3, the first day of big trouble, Hubbard and twenty or so others were arrested for throwing cow manure on the steps of the Pentagon.

(John Kerry, one of the many members of the VVAW who had nothing to do with the Mayday protests, denounced them as "horrible": "Ripping out wires from cars, slashing tires—it's criminal. It should be punished.")

(Continues on page 607)

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LETTER FROM A DRAFTEE

On the Army and the Age

REGIS MARTIN

DRAFTED, huh? Well, when you don't 'Go Canada' it does happen. Domiciled East? How hapless: Next stop Dix, the indenture cell for a few miserable weeks. Definitely a drag. Even Drill Sergeants find the scene most unhip. Ditto the Drill Instructors. The whole System sucks, of course. What about books? Oh sure, on weekends; only for God's sake not Jane Austen! And man, like keep the Revolution under wraps. Don't go festooning your company area with any 'Free Angela' filigree; for now anyway. Just grass, a little latrine graffiti and the occasional AWOL. Then off with the pigs. Oh, you don't dig? Hell, you'll really groove on the Service. Probably be a goddam lifer!"

Hardly. I'm not that enamored of the garrison. But neither did I find the Army ordeal so onerous that careers in iconoclasm could be made inviting. Even if the whole world steps forward to profane the military, I'll still cherish that paradox the practice of which allows for freedom and occasional peace. "What are you, loony? Shell shock?" Put syllogistically it comes out as follows: To avoid war and slavery we must forever assert the willingness to wage what it is we least want: ergo a military establishment, this uniform and not a little liberty. "Man, either you're really dazed or I can't dig; but anyway take a snort."

The whole business takes nine weeks —a zero week spent on the formalisms of getting in and eight comprehensive weeks of actual training. There is much rigor and apart from mail-call and midnight showers, very few frills. Behind the drapes there moves a motive, the teleos informing the entire enterprise. No purgatory is without purpose. And that is to prepare the soldier intelligently to engage the enemy, i.e., to kill him. Never mind the normative inquiry about the moral wisdom of why, just float along for now as I frame the technical picture.

Now assuming the non-availability of natural predators to do the job (post-Manson reality may rectify this, I don't know) some agency has got to apply the leaven. And the Army through the steady inculcation of leavening energies can invariably transform a dud from the streets into an effective, deadly fighting force. But I don't offer myself as evidence for the defense. Always I was the utter despair of my DI, who thought my martial skills thin as toast. On the other hand, rub the talismans too hard and presto, out pops Mylai. It is a tricky art and as in all corporate endeavors there will certainly be Edsels.

"Did you say Mylai?" Sigh, yes, but before you start bellowing remember the Army already sentenced the fellow, centuries following their recognition of the distinction between licit and illicit use of force in the field. Besides, rather than edify you on the subject of a Christian metaphysic for war I'd sooner describe the delights of Basic Training. To begin with, only the Hobbesian formulation will do. "Does he teach at Berkeley?" No, probably wouldn't hire him. Anyway, it is altogether nasty, brutish and short. We haven't as much élan as the Marines, though the same can't be said of dope. Indeed many fellows managed to fire off more reefers in the billet than M-16 rounds on the range. Happily, their appetite for the one seldom unbalanced their aim with the other. Even so the cadre would wisely program schedules so horribly depleting that notwithstanding the occasion to trip-off most of us would rather limp-off, finally succumbing to honest fatigue.

And scarcely eight hours away from that first fulminating call of the morning, the detonating screams of the DI whose galvanic message ("GET OUTTA THAT BED, RUNT!") would send one bolting out of bed as if seized by a tremor from Thor. Most uplifting. Not to mention those leisurely jaunts into the forest, in pursuit of some imaginary beachhead, at a cadence few sprinters would savor.

But of course I exaggerate. The truth is always tame. On reflection, it seems the real consuming activity was Drill and Ceremony with the balance devoted to mastering the M-16. Incidentally, a lovely little weapon. It can really do a job: terrific velocity, dependable devastation power, no recoil and light as a Mattel. Neat. There is also the bonus benefit of the tumble, the somersaulting shell so engineered as to optimize the damage. "You sound like Herman Kahn —you know that ogrish guy in Dr. Strangelove, always rattling his weapons —and egging on the jackals . . ." You mean George C. Scott. "Yeah, they're all bloodsuckers: leeching humanity, hungering always for more war . . ." Hmmm, yes, well I sure do see your point. Now let me finish mine. Don't you agree that the initial terrors of trainee life will always dissipate when the view becomes synoptic and the experience, recollected in tranquility—to rework the Wordsworthian theme, scatters like yesterday's storm?

Never mind I see you're upset; perhaps a Bufferin to allay . . . "You're a fascist. And you want war." Yes, I quite agree, but only to make the world safe for Jane Austen readers. "So you're a literary fascist first; then an imperialist pig." Yes, of course, and I suppose you're God's little choirboy. "Who's that guy?"

SO ENDED OUR chat. But just like the chronic intractabilities of East/West intercourse (after all, in the absence of the one premise productive of conversational success, i.e., a shared epistemology, what can one expect?) leave-takings were amiable. In reply to the novena I promised to wing his way, courtesy of what's His name, he kindly vouchsafed a most charming peace salute, I think; and then having adjusted his Afro ambled off to accost, no doubt, more Jane Austen readers.

Thank God for hope! Knowing that despair is a condition always to guard against and that a single prayer can mobilize the heavens, I'm hardly unsettled by the appearance of chasms so vast and hope forlorn. In the end, as Eliot knew, there are no Lost Causes (because there are no Gained Causes); there is only the collapse of the straw. Meanwhile such private joys as Jane Austen by the fire become cozier still as the miasma of the age now moves to adorn even the uniform I wear with emblems it never knew. Of course the age is mad, but maybe it is dying. □

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Why the International Monetary Fund set up in Bretton Woods (architects: John Keynes, Harry Dexter White) could make the monetary world go round only so long as the U.S. refrained from an inflationary spree

Dollars at a Discount

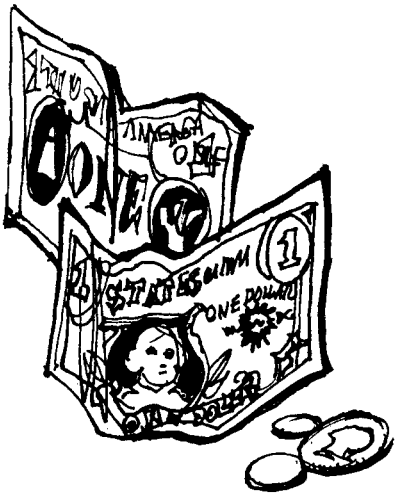
HENRY HAZLITT

THE AMERICAN DOLLAR has been toppled from its throne, the bankruptcy of the International Monetary Fund system has become obvious, and the world now faces a period of currency disorder. The problem confronting the world's governments is how to mitigate the gravity of this disorder and how to minimize its duration.

The foundations of the present crisis were laid at Bretton Woods, New Hampshire in 1944. The chief architects were Lord Keynes of Britain and Harry Dexter White of the United States. The system they set up was designed to imitate a gold-standard system but not really to be one. It was to free every country from the annoying necessity of keeping its currency convertible into gold on demand. It was to allow every country freedom to "manage" its domestic currency and credit mainly, if not solely, with regard to "the needs of its domestic economy," particularly the need to maintain constant full employment at home. It was to relieve each country from the necessity of maintaining a "mere external stability" for its currency unit.

But some stable relationship of currencies to each other was still thought, by some of the participating governments at Bretton Woods, to be necessary to ensure the free flow of international trade and investment. The system that emerged was a compromise. All that was necessary, it was thought, was to make one key currency—the American dollar—directly convertible into gold. All the others could be tied in value to each other by being tied at a fixed rate to the dollar. Instead of a gold standard, the world would henceforth be on a dollar standard.

What was overlooked was that, once the disciplinary penalty of a gold drain



was removed, the temptation would increase for governments to launch huge welfare programs, to run a chronic deficit in their domestic budgets, to pay for it by issuing more paper pounds, francs or whatever, and thereby to pump up home demand and prolong full employment.

Each country was protected against immediate external crisis. It was pledged under the IMF agreement to keep its currency within 1 per cent of par by buying or selling dollars within that range. But this arrangement meant that, when any single country went on an inflationary spree, other countries, and particularly the United States, would have to keep supporting the inflating country's currency at par for a while, until that country suddenly devalued. Instead of daily market fluctuations reflecting the true state of any currency, it would remain steady for a long period, and then suffer a violent collapse, throwing losses on all the foreign holders.

This has been the history of the IMF system over the 25 years of its operation. Since it opened for business, nearly every one of the 117 currencies now in the Fund has suffered at least one major devaluation. The French franc has devalued several times. The once-mighty British pound was devalued from $4.03 to $2.80 in 1949 and again to $2.40 in 1967. And before and during such crises the United States Government (alias the Federal Reserve System) sought to soften or prevent them by extending huge credits running into billions of dollars. Each time the foreign holders of the devalued currency, whether pounds or francs or pesos, were swindled.

Nevertheless, the IMF and central bank officials continued to hail the system as a brilliant success. And it could indeed look like a success as long as the anchor currency, the U.S. dollar, remained firm—as long as the U.S. itself refrained from inflationary sprees, kept tight rein on the expansion of its currency, kept its budget in reasonable balance, did not try to push down interest rates, and maintained convertibility of the dollar into gold at $35 an ounce, at least for dollars held by foreign central banks.

BUT THE U.S., in spite of the warning signal of a huge and persistent deficit in its balance of payments since 1957, did none of these things. Since 1957 it has been doing the exact opposite; and since the election of 1970 the Nixon Administration has allowed the situation to deteriorate alarmingly. It has planned a so-called "full-employment surplus" in the budget, which means a real deficit estimated at $18.6 billion in the present fiscal year and

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at $11.6 billion in 1972. The actual deficit of 1972 will probably be nearer to $25 billion. The "Fed" has increased the money supply (currency in circulation plus demand bank deposits) of the country in the last four months at the extremely high annual rate of 10.3 per cent. And just when the deficit in the balance of payments soared to unparalleled levels, the Administration decided to treat the whole thing with "benign neglect."

The result was at least a temporary international flight from the dollar—and a flight into, especially, Swiss francs and West German marks. Under the IMF rules, Germany had to buy dollars for marks within 1 per cent of parity. But when a couple of billion dollars had to be absorbed in a couple of days, the Germans, already holding some $16 billion in dollars, gave up. On May 5 five major central banks—those of West Germany, Switzerland, Belgium, the Netherlands and Austria—withdrew their support for the dollar and temporarily closed down their foreign-exchange markets.

At the time of this writing, a few countries have decided to let their currencies "float," and others have revalued upward. The outlook for the world's currencies is now, to put it mildly, uncertain and disturbing.

What should be done? In answering this, we should distinguish between technical reforms, and more basic reforms in economic policy.

The first technical monetary reform that ought to be made internationally is to dismantle the 25-year-old IMF. But if the bureaucratic resistance to this proves to be insuperable, the greater part of the reform needed could be achieved simply by repealing a few of the IMF rules. No country should any longer be forced to maintain its currency at par by buying or selling the dollar or other currencies at that rate. No country should any longer be entitled to automatic drawing rights or automatic loans when in trouble, but should have to negotiate voluntary loans and abide by their conditions. No more Special Drawing Rights should be issued. Those already issued should be gradually retired.

Each country would then be free to adopt its own currency policy. If each country simply allowed its currency to "float," that currency's price would change daily and hourly on the foreign exchange market. This of course would be unsettling. There would be no fixed prices for either exports or imports. Either the buyer or the seller would have to protect himself by "forward" exchange transactions, which might often prove too costly. But in compensation for all this, currency values would be real market values; adjustments would be made daily; there would be no more fears of violent overnight devaluations. The market quotations for currencies would daily tell the truth about them.

There would be nothing to prevent a country with a so-called floating currency from operating its own stabilization fund against minor fluctuations. But other countries would be relieved from the obligation of assuming that risk. Countries that wished to do so would still be free to maintain fixed rates in terms of gold, the dollar, or some other currency.

THE FIRST TECHNICAL reform that the United States ought to make is to repeal the outrageous prohibition it has kept on its books since 1933 making it a crime for American citizens to own, buy, sell or make valid contracts in gold. This is a breach of their liberties that Americans ought never to have tolerated. If individuals all over the world were legally free to hold, buy or sell gold they would be able to protect themselves against being ruined by their monetary managers. Under such conditions gold, whether "monetized" or not, would soon become the de facto international currency, in terms of which international transactions would increasingly be made.

Simultaneously with this, the American Government should permit a free gold market at home and announce that until further notice it would neither buy nor sell gold but keep its existing stock.

This means that it would suspend gold payments formally. To a believer in the gold standard and the integrity of currencies it is painful to suggest this, but it is merely a proposal that our government acknowledge de jure what it has already been doing de facto. The truth is that ever since the spring of 1968—*for three years*—the U.S. Government, except for a few minor window-dressing operations, has been refusing to convert even dollars owned by foreign central banks into gold at $35 an ounce. The proof lies on the face of the figures: Treasury gold stock, June 12, 1968, $10,367 million; December 1968, $10,367 million; December 1969, $10,367 million; each of the thirteen weeks January 6 to March 31, 1971, $10,732 million.

If the U.S. allowed the dollar to be fully convertible now, at the $35 rate, it would probably be drained of all its gold in 24 hours. Our liquid liabilities to foreigners in January were $44 billion, of which more than $20 billion were legally payable in gold to foreign central banks.

After these technical monetary changes, the real problem would be how to return the United States and the world to a sound and stable monetary basis. This need not be done by any new formal monetary agreement among 117 nations or even among the Big Ten. The traditional gold standard of the nineteenth century did not involve any formal "cooperation" among central banks. It worked as long as each country adhered voluntarily but rigorously to certain rules. The most important rule was that each country would refrain from expanding its currency to a point that endangered its convertibility into gold on demand. In short, each country had to refrain from inflation.

This is the painful lesson that the Nixon Administration still seems very reluctant to learn. In an ill-timed statement on April 27 John B. Connally, Secretary of the Treasury, declared that "it is neither feasible nor desirable to put the U.S. economy through the wringer in order to stop this type of capital outflow." This statement probably increased the dollar outflow.

It is imperative that the American inflation now be brought to a halt. We have to accept the unpleasant likelihood that this cannot be done without producing some recession and a temporary increase in unemployment. But this is now by far the lesser of two evils. Further inflation can now only lead toward an economic crack-up. It can no longer be counted on to bring "full employment." Inflation can have a stimulative effect only so long as it is unexpectedly high and keeps accelerating. When wages begin to rise faster than prices, as they now have, the game is up.

The dollar is now at an open discount both in terms of gold and in terms of other major currencies. If the Administration ignores this danger signal it must bear full responsibility for the consequences. □

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DELECTATIONS

The Ungluing of San Francisco

DAVID BRUDNOY

THEY'VE GROWN rather arrogant in San Francisco of late—*The City*, they call it in print, not to differentiate it from the countryside, but to assert its superiority to any other city. They're probably justified in many ways. San Francisco offers a superb nightlife (topless, bottomless, mindless, as well as real talent), excellent restaurants (ever eat Moroccan? Try Marakesh), Chinatown, good beaches within the city, first-rate shopping, a pleasing architectural mix, excellent colleges and universities, respectable although not brilliant music and art. And especially, to any seeing person's never-ending delight, San Francisco provides breathtaking views within and from across the Bay in Marin County to the north and Oakland-Berkeley to the east. Like Boston, San Francisco is compact, arrogant, historic and proud of its history. It's sophisticated like New York and clean like no metropolis in the East. It should be growing, explosively, as William Rusher predicted in his ecstatic delectation in *NR* (June 4, 1968).

It isn't. Growing, that is. San Francisco's in trouble, shrinking in population and losing its industry. Its labor unions are more corrupt than usual and the administration of Mayor Joseph Alioto is commonly thought to be Mafia-infiltrated. Its most pressing grief is in the area of the "social issue." They don't talk about this much on paper, except the taxation-welfare aspect. But San Franciscans are keenly aware of its dimensions and over a drink or two, pour out their feelings to strangers.

San Francisco is undergoing a slow and probably unreversible transformation in racial and economic composition. Like all of California, despite Governor Reagan's best intentions, San Francisco has become a haven for welfare recipients. Her taxes are increasing while her revenues from those taxes are decreasing. The largely white middle class has begun its exodus to the still mainly white northern suburbs, while San Francisco, Berkeley and Oakland become Negro areas. Before World War II, there were five thousand Negroes in San Francisco. By 1960, that number was about fifty thousand, and now it's more than quadrupled. Add a hundred thousand plus Chinese and several thousand Japanese, who are

anything but friendly toward the Negroes, subtract several thousand whites who flee each year, and the result is a cancerously multiplying crime rate and increasingly hostile racial antagonisms.

President Hayakawa at San Francisco State College is proud that his campus has been quiet for eighteen months, but many of his professors are convinced that this calm is partly the result of the creation of a series of intellectually vacuous ethnic studies programs like Black Studies, and is only temporary. Several professors with whom I spoke called this the politics of appeasement. The mood at State and Berkeley is tense, and the incidence of crime in and about the campus is high. As Angela Davis undergoes her "martyrdom" across the Bay in San Rafael, her minions plan their various offensives. If she is found guilty, the schools will erupt again.

Bill Rusher wrote that "some day the city will sink into banality under the sheer weight of the dubious types drawn to it." That day has come. Like the Danes, San Franciscans have found that the easy availability of "pornography" is ultimately counterproductive. Sex shows and how-to-do-it books soon become boring. But the continual influx of newcomers keeps the "porn capital of America," as the *New York Times* has called San Francisco, very much in business. The sense of freedom in San Francisco is refreshing, especially to one coming from Boston where things really still are banned. But instead of this libertinism in sex matters providing a charming leavening, it sets the tone for the whole city. It's become, I fear, another one of those nice places to visit, but . . .

San Francisco's counterculture, especially its drug aspect, threatens to confirm Frank Meyer's direct estimation: It at least verges on becoming an anticulture. For all intents and purposes, marijuana is legal in San Francisco: openly smoked in bars, parks, on the streets. Haight-Ashbury ("Hashbury") is probably the most depressing residue of the hippie dream I've yet seen. It looks like a Birch Society fantasy of what a hippie quarter would be like: boarded-up head shops, sleazy, glazed-eyed freaks lurking in doorways, Pantheresque Negroes snarling at whites, squalor, decadence incarnate. Exclusive of heroin, which is another matter, the cult of hard drugs is losing devotees in most of the country, but not in San Francisco. One guy, peddling acid, said I could put it on my Master Charge.

THERE'S A frenetic quality to Having Fun in San Francisco. I couldn't remember where I'd felt that sense of working at fun before, but then it came to me: Tokyo's Ginza. Everything is so open in San Francisco, so available, so perfect, that it's like an exquisite flower or fruit; one minute more and it's past its peak and rotting. Maybe as an outsider my perception was off, but I think rather that I caught the mood of The City just about right. San Francisco is over-ripe. It is *too* much, in the old-fashioned sense of that phrase. It seems to be digging its own grave, its beautiful, sensual grave. San Francisco is coming unglued. □

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FRANK S. MEYER

MASS INTIMIDATION

PRINCIPLES AND HERESIES

As the Attorney General pointed out after the May action in Washington, the tactics of the Left today are frighteningly reminiscent of "another group of civilians who roamed the streets of Germany in the 1920s, bullying people, shouting down those who disagreed with them, and denying other people their civil rights." As he went on to say, had they been dealt with "before they could take over the German government, the world might have been spared a whole era of violence and misery."

The strategic and tactical parallels between the Nazi—and Communist—drive against the Weimar government in the years before 1932 and what is going on in this country today, are startling. It is true that there are many differences—most obviously in the very different forms of organization that the loosely united cadres of today's revolutionaries exhibit, with their peculiar mixture of anarcho-nihilist and neo-Marxist style, as compared with the more regimented style of the German Nazi and Communist storm troopers. But the aim is the same: to terrorize the organs of representative government, legislative, executive and judicial; to force the elected representatives of the Republic to forsake the deliberate and considered weighing of issues, which is the duty of their station, and to bend them to the will of an impassioned and violent minority.

In one respect, indeed, the generation of the Sixties and Seventies, and their adult gurus, are more despicable than their Nazi and Communist predecessors. These at least made no bones about their dedication to the duty and necessity of open violence to bring down civilized government. Our revolutionaries replace the battle cry with the whimper. "We tried," they whine, "to work through 'the system' in a legal manner, but nobody would listen to us. So we have to resort to violence." Translated, "nobody would listen to us," means that they were defeated in fair political fight. Their tone and style have all the dignity of a child breaking up the place because he didn't get what he wanted.

But regardless of differences of style, the basic similarity remains. In America today, as in Weimar Germany, the tactics of mass street action, whether professedly nonviolent or openly violent, are designed to intimidate constitutional government. Such actions, when allowed to continue, inevitably produce chaos and anarchy, and prepare the way for the dictatorial overthrow of representative government. The tone and temper of a free society, with its exemplary care for the rights of the individual and its constitutional protection of civil liberties, make the problem of dealing with mass demonstrative political action very difficult.

So difficult does it seem to some, that, recognizing the primary responsibility of maintaining order, they would cast overboard the principle of individual liberty. But such an assault upon the foundations of free constitutional order is in no sense necessary. Neither the letter nor the spirit of the Constitution stands in the way of the development of a doctrine, and the laws necessary to express it, which can deal with the problem. As Justice Black said a few years ago (I paraphrase from memory), the streets are not guaranteed by the Bill of Rights for the use of militant action against the government and the citizenry at large.

The steps taken by the Administration in Washington in early May have been criticized as though they were attacks on the First Amendment. But street demonstrations are not a right guaranteed by the Constitution. What the First Amendment guarantees is: "Congress shall make no law . . . abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances." Mass action, whether overtly violent or disruptively "nonviolent," is neither freedom of speech nor peaceable assembly. The aim of such manifestations, even when they proclaim their "nonviolence," is neither freedom of speech in any reasonable interpretation of that phrase, nor peaceable assembly to petition the government for redress. It is universally intimidatory in character.

It seems to me that the lessons of this century throughout the civilized world, lessons being brought home to this country in the last decade, are such that the Federal Government and the several states should, for the preservation of order, at this time enact legislation sharply distinguishing between mass demonstrations and legitimate constitutional free speech.

In the first instance, experience of revolution dictates that the bodies of representative government should be thoroughly protected from intimidation. Legislation seems urgently required preventing such demonstrations within a reasonable distance, perhaps a mile, of all seats of deliberative government—executive offices, legislative chambers, courts, political conventions. This seems to me a necessary minimum; but it may well be that a modern mass society, if it is to preserve deliberative and representative government, will have to go even further. It may be necessary not only to protect governmental bodies themselves from mass intimidation, but to forbid such use of the streets and public places altogether.

The Constitution's defense of the rights of individuals is directed toward the preservation of the persuasive use of spoken and written speech. To ban the use of mass force, implicit or explicit, is no breach of constitutional principles, and it could be vital to the survival of a free society. □

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Pure Essence of Totalitarianism

History and Class Consciousness
By Georg Lukács
MIT, 356 pp., $8.95

TIBOR SZAMUELY

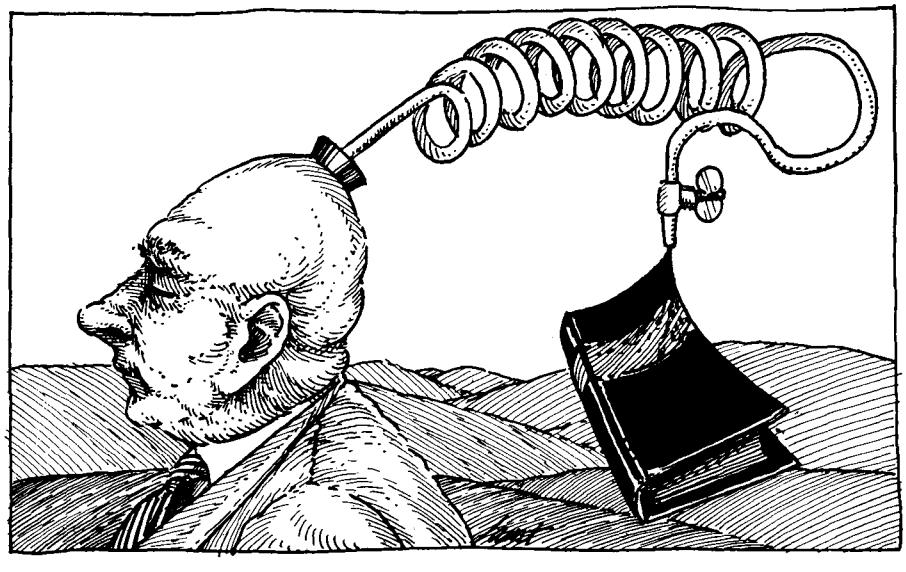
Georg Lukács, now in his 86th year, is generally recognized as the most original Marxist thinker of our time (except in Russia, where that distinction is traditionally conferred on the current General Secretary, and in China, which has only one Thought for every day). Like many other eminent philosophers, Lukács is also a politician—an unsuccessful one. It is impossible to understand his tortuous path as a philosopher without knowing something of his, to put it mildly, rather unusual political career. In 1919, during the Hungarian Soviet Republic, Lukács was Deputy People's Commissar for Education. When the military front began to crumble Lukács, together with other leading Communists, was sent to stiffen the resistance of the Red Army, and this gentle philosopher became the only Hungarian political commissar to order the decimation of a unit that had retreated without orders.

Lukács' next political appointment came 37 years later: He was promoted to Minister of Education in the short-lived government of Imre Nagy. Then the Russian tanks arrived, and the political activities of Georg Lukács came to an abrupt halt. But in between these two high-points he had had a number of interesting experiences. One came just before the Soviet-German war, when Lukács, jailed in the Lubianka, had his liberty won in a game of cards by the Russo-Hungarian economist Eugen Varga, a regular bridge partner of the late Mr. Beria (I have this story from Lukács himself). A tough training, but then being a Marxist philosopher is a tough profession—in a Marxist country, that is, not in the "repressive tolerance" of the West.

Over the past sixty years Lukács has written a great many books. Some of them are extremely good, others pretty awful (one can easily discover a correlation between the quality of Lukács' works and the vagaries of the party line, which he has followed with the utmost rigor). But his great, and justified, fame is essentially based on one book, or rather a collection of essays written between 1919 and 1922, and published in 1923 under the title *History and Class Consciousness*. For decades the book has been a legend in Marxist circles. Most people had heard of it; hardly anyone had read it. The book was not republished for 45 years; when it first appeared it was subjected to one of the most vicious campaigns of ideological slander ever mounted by the Communist apparatus; Lukács was accused of practically every heresy under the sun.

Finally he capitulated: he recanted his "non-Marxist" views in a groveling act of self-abasement (which he was to repeat many times in the course of his stormy career). Now at last we can read the full text in an English translation, with a new preface by the much-mellowed author. It is without doubt a most remarkable book; one of the truly important philosophical works of the century, and a significant contribution to the sum of human misery.

Lukács, then still a comparative newcomer to Marxism, was unencumbered by any of the dead dogma of post-Marxian Marxism when he carried out his complete reinterpretation of the Marxist theory of socialist revolution. He did it by returning to Hegel: the starting-point for Marx' own intellectual development. Lukács showed that the later accretions of positivism, scientism and vulgar materialism, made by Engels, Plekhanov, Kautsky and their followers (including Lenin, although Lukács was at that stage unaware of this), were profoundly alien to the spirit of the dialectic and of "vulgar Marxists" had based their faith Marxian historical materialism. The in social change upon the "natural laws" of economic development—but, wrote Lukács, to expect these "immanent laws" to lead to socialism, with-



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RANDOM NOTES

■ JUST OUT: The "problems" in Nabokov's latest, *Poems and Problems*, have to do with chess (McGraw-Hill, $7.95). . . . Volume I of *The Correspondence of Lord Acton and Richard Simpson* (they operated the ill-starred *Rambler*) coming from Cambridge ($16). . . . Major James N. Rowe of the Green Berets tells of captivity, brainwashing and his final hair-raising escape in *Five Years to Freedom* (Little, Brown, $6.95).

F. E. Peters traces Greek influence from Alexander through the fourth century A.D. in *The Harvest of Hellenism* (Simon & Schuster, $15). . . . Zoe Oldenbourg's new novel, *The Heirs of the Kingdom*, follows Peter the Hermit and his crusaders to Jerusalem (Pantheon, $10). . . . *Fernhurst, Q.E.D. and Other Early Writing* is a collection of pre-1910 fiction by Gertrude Stein (Liveright, $7.95).

■ JULY BOOKS: Everybody, but everybody, gets a gold star in William S. White's *The Responsibles*, wherein he portrays five of his idols: HST, Taft, Ike, JFK, LBJ ($7.95). Loren Baritz edits a big anthology, *The American Left: Radical Political Thought in the Twentieth Century*, covers everyone from John Reed, Emma Goldman ("Anarchism") and James T. Farrell ("A Note on Literary Criticism") to Rap Brown's "Die, Nigger, Die!" and Anne Koedt's "The Myth of the Vaginal Orgasm" (Basic, $12.50). . . . Alistair Horne returns to a subject he examined in *The Fall of Paris* with his new one, *The Terrible Year: The Paris Commune, 1871*. Full-color illustrations (Viking, $10).

■ LOOKING TOWARD AUGUST: Walt W. Rostow finds a new Sixth Stage "the search for quality," expounds on it in *Politics and the Stages of Growth* (Cambridge, $9.50; paper, $3.95). . . . Bob (*King Cohn*) Thomas puts *Winchell* under the glass (Doubleday, $7.95). From the same house, Michael Meyer's *Ibsen* is the first new life in forty years ($12.95). . . . *The Twelve-Year Reich*, a social history by Richard Grunberger, reveals that the Germans weren't altogether starry-eyed about their Fuehrer. Margarine was called Hitler Butter (Holt, $10).

Donald I. Rogers, who presides over *NR*'s new *Economy Report* and edited the financial section of the *New York Herald Tribune*, looks back at 1929 and recreates *The Day the Market Crashed* (Arlington House, $8.95). From the same publisher comes *Diplomats and Demagogues*, the memoirs of Spruille Braden ($12.50). . . . *Lieutenant Calley: An American Tragedy* is the subject's story as told to John Sack (Viking, $6.95). . . . Pioneer jazz critic Hugues (*Le Jazz Hot*) Panassie portrays *Louis Armstrong* (Scribner, $6.95). . . . *From the Jaws of Victory* is a survey of losers from Crassus to Westmoreland by Charles Fair (Simon & Schuster, $8.95).

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out the violent and conscious intervention of external forces, "is effectively synonymous with the eternal survival of capitalist society."

Lukács treats his subject-matter in terms of Hegelian contradictions and conflicts. His language may be difficult —his argument is quite clear. On the one hand, the proletariat is a unique class with a unique historical mission; in liberating itself it will simultaneously accomplish the abolition of class society as such. On the other hand, the proletariat is itself a product of capitalism and a prisoner of its creator's way of life. And while the proletariat remains caught up in bourgeois forms of thought it will never carry out a revolution, even at a time of revolutionary crisis.

How is this dialectical contradiction to be resolved? By means of "true consciousness" and of its unique instrument—the Communist Party: "The Party is assigned the sublime role of bearer of the class consciousness of the proletariat and the conscience of its historical vocation." Its sole possession of true consciousness makes the Party superior to any other type of organization, past, present or future; the Party provides the "concrete mediation" between theory and practice, between man and history.

But there can be no question of the Party wishing to implement the actual desires of the proletariat—on the contrary, as a conscious vanguard, it will frequently have to oppose them. This relationship will not change after the Party seizes power in the name of the proletariat. "The conscious transformation of the whole of society" will be a "lengthy and painful process" (he can say that again!). The revolution establishes a "conscious ordered society" where violence is "put to the service of man and the flowering of man."

Inevitably, the uncomprehending masses will feel rather unhappy about this—a social revolution "violates the instinct of the average man"—but not to worry: after a long period of "education" the proletariat, too, should acquire its true consciousness. As for freedom, well: "Freedom cannot represent a value in itself. . . . Freedom must serve the rule of the proletariat." Anyway, what we call freedom is no more than the freedom of the individual, isolated by the fact of property from other individuals. The true realm of freedom established by the Party "must entail the renunciation of individual freedom . . . the conscious subordination of the self to that collective will . . . that is the Communist Party."

FOR ALL ITS philosophical sophistication Lukács' doctrine is almost identical with the arguments put forward twenty years earlier by Lenin in his famous *What Is To Be Done?*—which Lukács had almost certainly not yet read. What then is the explanation for the ensuing ferocious onslaught upon Lukács? Many Western writers seek it in Lukács' demolition of the primitive mechanistic materialism that was already becoming the basis of official Soviet ideology, and his "rediscovery" of the idealistic, Hegelian sources of Marxism.

I believe that this is only part of the truth, and that the main reason for Lukács' disgrace lay in his forthright analysis (far more cold-blooded even than Lenin's) of the relationship among proletariat, consciousness and Party. The Party was now in power; it did implement certain measures, to be sure—but it did not care to have them discussed. The time for candidness was past. Hegelian analysis would never do —philosophers should find prettier terms for describing the Fatherland of the Toilers. When the Absolute Idea had acquired its physical incarnation the last thing it wanted was the truth.

"Consciousness" is in the news again. The incoherent ramblings of fake prophets like Charles Reich are accepted as substitutes for thought by a generation reared on the virtues of ignorance, stupidity and sloth. What a relief to turn to Lukács. He, at least, knew perfectly well what he was talking about, and his *History and Class Consciousness* remains as important today as half a century ago. It is the best, the frankest, the most wide-ranging and powerful exposition of the philosophy of totalitarianism ever written. □

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Boss: Richard J. Daley of Chicago
By Mike Royko
Dutton, 215 pp., $5.95

THE REALITIES OF CHICAGO

JAMESON G. CAMPAIGNE JR.

As a highly partisan telling of the political career of Our Mayor, *Boss* is entertaining, unfair, and very good political biography. Royko can write. His daily newspaper column, dealing almost entirely with Chicago, is probably the best of its kind in America. It is, like this book, often flagrantly dishonest—Royko frequently tilts at straw men of his own construction—scattering fallacies of relevance and ambiguity faster than Capone's tommy-guns threw lead at cops, gangsters and reformers. Royko knows Chicago, and writes movingly of its people. Unfortunately, inside him is a rationalist liberal, screaming to be let out. By book's end, that creature has escaped, and the final chapters are marred by ideological ranting. Had not the book been rushed into print to coincide with the Chicago mayoral election, we would have had a better book.

As popularized sociology, *Boss* is superb, if somewhat narrow in scope. In it, both liberal and conservative, suburban and high-rise intelligentsia have a window on how the other half lives. Chicago is a city of lower-middle-class and poor, Irish, Italian, East European and Afro. A half-million white collars left the neighborhoods of Chicago in the last decade, more fled to the lakefront high rises. The other half remains, unable economically to leave. The causes of the migration and the staying reduce to one: government. A bureaucratic public-school system that doesn't educate, a public-welfare system whose relative munificence attracted an enormous welfare constituency, government urban-renewal programs that destroyed neighborhoods and made millionaires out of those who operate behind numbered doors on South LaSalle Street, as well as on governing boards of city housing and land-management agencies.

The political sociology of Chicago, and by extension of most American politics tied to the Big Government Dream Machine in Washington, D.C., can be summed up in Bastiat's dictum: "Everybody wishes to live at the expense of the state, but they forget that the state lives at the expense of everybody." To exploit the wish, there evolved Chicago's Democratic Machine.

The third facet of *Boss*, a meticulous examination of the workings of the Machine, is probably the book's brightest. While a dime-store version of Ostrogorski's *Democracy and the Organization of Political Parties*, Royko's is nonetheless good political science. The lessons learned should bring to earth the political dreams of both liberal and conservative ideologues. Homo Americanus is not a tractable creature, nor are his values and institutions. (Kendall's admonitions to one-note antigovernment conservatives come to mind.) Also the surprise in Royko's examination of the Machine is how responsive it is to threats to its existence—how it *is* possible to achieve reform without smashing the system, without ending up with Lindsay. The reform of the Chicago police, now slipping away, proves this. All that is needed are tough, honest newspapers and a principled citizenry. Chicago's problems arise from having a short supply of both, especially the newspapers. These are now managed by business committees, not newspapermen, and compromise with wrongdoing too often prevails. Free men need leaders.

Upon closing his book, too many will ape the radical chic crowd, Breslin et al., now salivating gnostic hatred at Daley and his middle-American values. The book can be mined for more than *kultur* kicks, however. Think, for example, what an honest Mike Royko would write after several years in the Washington, D.C. bureaucratic machine. The shirts would have pinstripes, the neckties would not be so shiny, but would HEW really differ from City Hall? Doesn't government—local or national—always tend to serve itself? Isn't that the lesson now being driven home, as America suffers the agonizing morning-after the New Deal and Great Society?

The true "problem" of the Chicago Machine is not a Chicago problem. It is a Washington, D.C. problem. Cut off the federal programs and money, and the Chicago Machine will shrink to controllable proportions, as a rat population shrinks when the food supply shrinks. The "problem" of the Chicago Machine as Royko sees it, however, will remain. But that's Royko's problem. □

Marijuana Reconsidered
By Lester Grinspoon, M.D.
Harvard, 352 pp., $9.95

PROBLEMS OF POT

S. K. OBERBECK

Since marijuana is very much with us and will likely continue to be, I suppose it's useful to have a book such as this. Dr. Grinspoon's study, which I'm sure will reap all the scholarly plaudits in the papers that matter, reconsiders mostly the myths and sensations surrounding pot in the past, the unfairness of laws governing its use, and the weed's voluminous history. Beyond that, he tells one more than one wants to know about grass (even if one were a user)—damn near everything except how to grow it with chemical fertilizers under artificial light. But there's another book for that.

The point is, Harvard psychiatrist Grinspoon cannot answer the questions everyone wants to know about weed: What are its long-term effects on modern users, especially youth; and what, if pot became legal and widespread, would be its effects on our society as a whole? Except for studies of other cannabis-using societies (whose customs may be quaint but whose GNP ain't) and research on animals or prison inmates, too little controlled extended research exists to yield a substantive

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answer in the emotion-laden, it's-my-body arguments for and against turning on regularly.

The lack of evidence is not likely to diminish the spread of pot, I think. Recently, two Philadelphia psychiatrists published striking evidence that it really messed the minds of youths they studied. But the writers and reporters will easily find someone to balance off against them—somebody like Grinspoon through whose scientific cool glows a faint flame of sympathy for the penalties grass users risk. There is, for example, a chapter on "The Campaign against Marijuana," but little emphasis on the campaign *for* it waged actively or passively by numerous underground and overground journals and personalities. On the theory that "progressives" choose their targets not unwisely, it is possible that the harsh laws (one can get death for pushing in Louisiana, says the author) Grinspoon so obviously abhors do more to stem a tidal surge of pot smoking than anything else right now, fairness aside.

In an article on cannabis, a New York anesthesiologist I know, Dr. Gabriel Nahas, says: "In those countries where sellers risk the death penalty, there seems to be no drug problem." He also quotes Dr. Karl Evang, a WHO expert and head of Norway's board of health, as saying that if "cannabis became as widely used as alcohol, all ordered social life, as we know it, would cease to function in a decade or two."

This is news? You can almost hear selected hordes of kids (and no few adults) shouting "hurrah!" That appears to me a nub of the pot problem: the weed is an adjunct, forcing tool and instrument of initiation for a lifestyle that generally rejects or seeks to bring down "ordered life as we know it." And beyond this, it can seduce with the sweetest of pleasures a person into an entirely different realm of values, judgments and sensory experiences, not so much antithetical to society, as anarchic.

A toke is a kind of declaration—as it was for Baudelaire, de Nerval, Fitz Hugh Ludlow, Bayard Taylor, Allen Ginsberg and "Mr. X," who, Grinspoon impishly informs us, is a scientist whose books are popular, who is married, fortyish, has kids ("Children are the greatest high of all," runs Dr. G's dedication) and who argues that one's insights while high *do* stand post-high scrutiny. ". . . the main problem," says Mr. X, "is putting these insights into a form acceptable to the *quite different self* that we are when we're down the next day." (My italics.) Ginsberg is quoted: "I apprehended the structure of certain pieces of jazz and classical music in a new manner under the influence of marijuana and these apprehensions have remained *valid* in years of *normal* consciousness." (My italics.)

Those two statements reveal some of the problems and inconsistencies of dealing with different selves, altered perceptions and the notion that there is a better, warmer place one can repair to quickly and certainly. On the one hand, proselytizers such as Ginsberg want to give you the it's-all-the-same-me argument ("it's all natural," he actually says), but one wonders why certain parts are suppressed in an undrugged condition.

Those "valid" "deeper perceptions" are the product of chemical alteration, but what establishes their validity? Baudelaire wrote that "hashish never reveals to the individual more than what he is himself," but psychology has taught us that many selves may coexist in one man, some perhaps not well acquainted with the others. These permutations of individual personality—or the awareness of their fragmentation—may come out when one is high on pot, but can there be any doubt that for some, true awareness and/or recognition of the fragments can be a shattering psychic experience as easily as an enlightening one?

Reading Grinspoon is a bit like reading the Kerner Commission report on the causes of violence. Something nags. Repudiating the "stepping stone" theory of pot leading to hard drugs, he reports that pot is definitely not addictive, but admits to evidence of "psychic dependence," which he says is not clearly any different from "that which a man may develop with respect to his trousers, his automobile or his wife." He reports an Egyptian study in which 65 per cent of the hashish users "wished to rid themselves of the habit," but matches that with a study of 34 soldiers in which only 15 per cent missed marijuana when deprived of it, and 71 per cent said they liked tobacco better. All this journalistic to and fro expands one's consciousness with "facts" and statistics about marijuana, but doesn't provide any answers.

Grinspoon quotes a 1934 study, to enumerate its flaws, which to my mind still seems quite valid: "The addiction to cannabis is a sensual addiction: it is in the service of the hedonistic elements of the personality," says W. Bromberg, using (erroneously, Grinspoon affirms) "addiction" to mean that a user can get hooked on the idea of getting high. "With marijuana the user wants to recapture over and over again the ecstatic, elated state into which the drug lifts him," the study declares. That also, to the non-scientist, seems fairly stated. And it relates to some of the central concerns over the spread of pot and its long-term effects.

The primary anxiety, I think, is not how it might damage the mind (alcohol kills brain cells and you can damage your mind by reading Pete Hamill every day), but a reaction, defensive in part, to the probable epidemic of drug-induced ecstasy and passivity that legalization, for example, could create. Let's face it, with good grass and the correct conditions, life can be beautiful. For the young, there's that beatific communal aloneness that gives giggly surcease from turbulent adolescent struggle as well as the "respite from psychic pain" even Grinspoon admits to. For older users, there is the escape from the retributions of booze, which is a Christian instrument of pleasure since it is paid for by hangovers or the guilty feeling one is pickling one's pancreas. Booze

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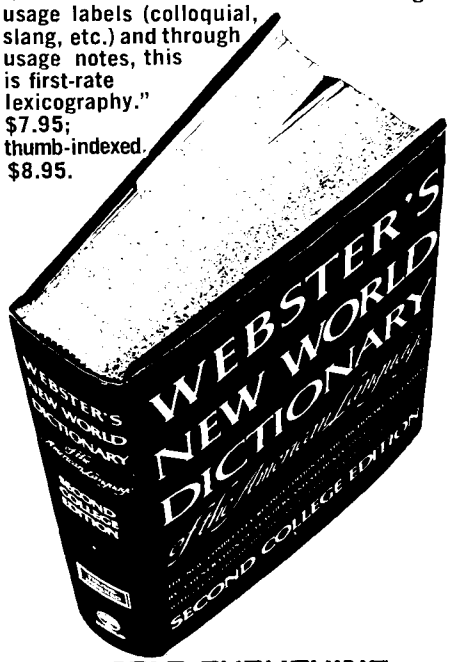

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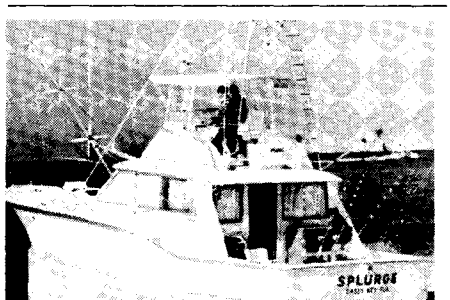

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has its punishment built in with its pleasure; pot, as the kids love to tell us, does not. Which is why it seems so insidious, so difficult for the Puritan Ethic mentality to grasp. In a society aswarm with dangers as well as idealistic dreams, mature modern man simply has a huge difficulty going hook, line and hallucination for the concept of chemically induced sensual pleasure experienced without a price. One wonders which we fear most, the pleasure or the pain?

This may seem oblique, but Grinspoon seems not to consider the entire social fabric in which pot's popularity is growing. Take today's kids: they are increasingly taught the world can be invented rather than built; they are pandered to by perplexed parents and fulsome politicians; fawned over obsessively by the media; barraged with electronic, sensorial experiences that revoke their pasts before they can assimilate those pasts; hawked this way and that by sachems of technetronic synergy and tribal oneness; and relentlessly politicized in every aspect of their "culture."

Respectable futurists glibly forecast genetic juggling, chemical or electronic control of the brain lobes and—from the reality of synthetic human organs to projections of a vastly increased man-machine symbiosis—postulate a coming existence in which the structure of reality, morals and social behavior may indeed require complete redefinition. In light of these conditions, and also a rate of change so accelerated as to have destroyed the traditional timescale of adolescent maturing and self-discovery, I think it is no mystery why youth seeks its respites from a projected "reality" that even adults can only dimly divine.

I spoke with a rising rock star the other day about pot, and the possible bad effects it may have on the mind. His response sums up the mood of too many young people: "I don't care. I've only got one life to live." That's the point. They don't care, and pot is symptomatic of their lack of interest in straight society. Mindful of that, I judge Grinspoon's book a scholarly gesture rather than an illuminating study. It left me with this notion: Are drugs, thousands of years after man discovered and used them, now to become the real transitional instrument to ease modern man into a technocratic, mind-manipulated, eugenic culture such as Orwell, unmindful of the truly benign tyrannies which science may discover for mankind, never dreamed of? □

The German Dictatorship. The Origins, Structure and Effects of National Socialism
By Karl Dietrich Bracher
Praeger, 533 pp., $13.95

SOURCES OF NAZISM

FRANZ OPPENHEIMER

Karl Bracher, a professor of political science and contemporary history at the University of Bonn, has written the first comprehensive, scholarly and lucid account of Nazism; a book that is likely to remain the definitive work on its subject for many years to come. Five ominous words in the preface, "National Socialism is not dead," summarize why the book should be of overriding interest to anyone with a serious concern for the survival of decency. Bracher shows convincingly why no one cause of Hitler's success can be singled out. Neither the wicked German national character—traced by William L. Shirer and others in an unbroken line from Martin Luther, via Hegel, Nietzsche, Richard Wagner and Bismarck, to Hitler—nor bourgeois capitalism and militarism blamed by Marxists, nor any other single easy answer can explain the ultimate horror.

BRACHER EXCELS IN describing and analyzing one of the constituent causes that has remained the most impenetrable for non-Germans: the rank jungle underbrush of irrational, cultish, hypernationalist and antisemitic political and pseudoreligious ideology that started in

Austria in the second half of the nineteenth century, and was fertilized by defeat, inflation and the great depression after World War I. The mystery of how the irrationality of that subculture could infect and ultimately conquer what had not only been one of the most highly educated but also an essentially rational civilization has not become less perplexing today when we must witness comparable assaults against reason being tolerated by highly educated Americans.

Paradoxically enough, universities

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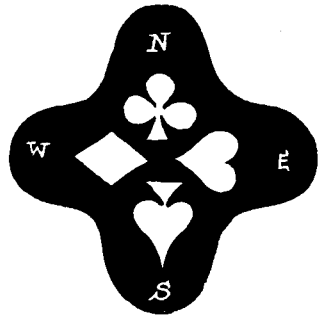
seem to have offered the least resistance to these assaults. As early as 1929, at a time when the Nazi Party was still a totally insignificant minority (in the parliamentary elections of May 1928 it received 2.6 per cent of the votes), the Nazi students' organization obtained an absolute majority of the votes for the student government of two universities, and of seven more in the following year. In the same year, 1930, the first professorship for "racial studies" was established in Jena; and Nazi students everywhere agitated for the introduction of racial studies at their universities. From 1928, there was increasing unrest, violence and agitation, much of it directed against "politically and racially undesirable professors." Bracher summarizes: "The permissiveness of the responsible authorities allowed the organs of student self-government to become circuses for noisy Nazi enterprises," and "increasingly 'academic freedom' proved itself to be a factor benefiting only antidemocratic thought, the cause of reaction and extreme nationalism."



This early Nazi conquest of the academic communities did not mean that the majority of professors were National Socialists. The radical chic of the period required benevolent tolerance for Hilter's New Left, not fellow-activism.

In this respect the universities presaged the ultimate fate of the Weimar Republic. The National Socialist Party never obtained a majority of votes in any free election; not even, to Hitler's disappointment, in the elections of March 1933, already held under conditions of terror. Convinced or card-carrying Nazis were a minority, and their leadership was not part of the German establishment before 1933. Yet there can be no doubt that the sympathy and permissiveness of the establishment made Hitler's seizure of power possible. "Growing numbers of the business community and the middle-class Right followed the militant mass agitation of the purportedly 'social' but antisocialist Hitler movement with sympathy; its 'excesses' were tolerated with mild condescension as unfortunate side-phenomena of radical national idealism." Together with that sympathy and benevolent condescension went an even more widespread inability, in Germany as well as abroad, to take the Nazi movement seriously. "The history of National Socialism is essentially the history of underestimating Hitler."

Nazism never had any coherent philosophy, or program. It fought the democratic "system" of the German Republic; and the tragedy of Weimar was that even those of the establishment who were not tainted by the twin sins of condescending sympathy and underestimation toward Hitler had themselves no confidence in the system and its values—admirable though the system was in fact, despite inevitable shortcomings. Of all the causes for the ultimate tragedy, this failure of faith should be the most disturbing for us today.

Bracher devotes his three concluding chapters to postwar neo-nazi phenomena in the German Federal Republic, one of them to the neo-nazi NPD. Despite that Party's poor showing in recent elections, Bracher is right in not neglecting the astonishing survival of political delusions that should have lost their last shreds of credibility in the total disaster of Hitler's Reich. The fact that any statistically measurable group of Germans today can attribute not only their defeat in World War I, but also that in World War II to "the stab in the back" of their "undefeated" armies, what Bracher calls "the unbroken continuity" of irrational German radical nationalist thought and writing, must be discouraging for those who are committed to reposing their faith in the guidance of reason and experience.

My judgment that Bracher's work is lucid and readable had to be based on the German original. Praeger Publishers not only give us small print on butcher's paper in return for our $13.95, but a tin-eared and slovenly translation as well. Taken each by itself, the distortion and inaccuracies of the English version might be considered negligible; their cumulative impact, however, comes close to destroying the quality of the original. The end effect is like an attempt by George Wallace to paraphrase Learned Hand's *The Spirit of Liberty*. □

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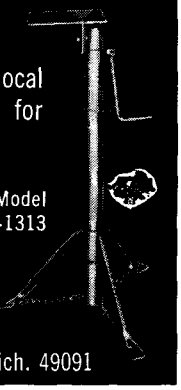

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How To Change Colleges
By Harold Taylor
Holt, 192 pp., $4.95; paperback, $2.45

BLIND LEADING THE BLIND

MICHAEL S. GAZZANIGA

I've often wondered how one becomes an authority in "education." I have a theory about it. At a very early age one becomes president of a college or university and after a short time leaves it in a state of near ruin. He then proceeds on to be the head of some kind of foundation. That sure takes care of Robert Hutchins and also the author of the year's lightest book—Harold Taylor, past president of Sarah Lawrence. *How To Change Colleges* is a disconnected essay on the present state of university education, as well as a sophomoric "blueprint for radical change."

But before going too far I must confess I approached the book with the highest expectation, for I strongly believe the college and university system must change radically if we are to enjoy higher education of high quality in this country. One does not have to be a trustee of the Eleanor Roosevelt Foundation to observe that present academic institutions are largely self-serving systems more concerned with self-preservation than with students or scholarship. What's so disappointing then is not Taylor's question, but his analysis. It turns out to be neither interesting nor radical.

Before talking about "education" it seems to me one must have clearly in mind a realistic view of the nature of man. It was all right to be for education for everyone twenty years ago when behaviorism and reductionism were the rule, and the actual possibility remote. But today, when education for everyone is actually being attempted, most life scientists have chucked the simplistic views of the Twenties and Thirties and have come around to the view that mental abilities and the like are clearly tied to genetic history. The environment is important, but only as it maximizes built-in mental capacity. It certainly does not improve on nature. It certainly can inhibit full realization of one's natural talents.

This is becoming accepted more and more. In many grammar schools today an open structure classroom is being used. Here a child is not shoved behind a desk and told essentially "start to learn—or else." Instead the child is free to move about the room and partake in any of several ongoing activities ranging from math to music. Natural talents are encouraged and self-reinforced under this system. Each child leaves school each day with a sense of success. When the program is run properly the results are fantastic. It is the only way to teach if one believes in in-built characteristics, for the system assumes natural preferences and does not try to frustrate them. I have seen the approach work with my own daughter. While she is six and hasn't yet written King George V's family about bad debts, she has come home and asked to be filled in on the details of the Copernican Revolution. And this is in public schools.

Mind you, under this kind of system standards are still operating. The difference is that they have been internalized and most likely are more stringent than any external standards imposed by some random teacher. The shift is in the direction of developing high-quality self-control by encouraging reliance on the private tendencies, judgments and abilities of the self. The new method is 24-karat conservative.

Oddly Taylor is pushing more or less for this kind of system—at least operationally. It is not at all clear whether he knows why it should work. One gets the feeling from reading his book that he views his ideas as still another stopgap measure to keep the educational establishment running. It is more of, "if x plan isn't working, let's try y."

THE PROBLEM IS that Taylor wants to try this system out in colleges where most students have come up through the old framework. The average student at the average college is not the least bit interested in "learning." Entertainment, yes; good times, yes; social learning, yes; physics, no.

In addition to the fact that he is not operating on the right population, Taylor refuses to admit he is operating on too many people. Adlai Stevenson said one-third of all college students should be thrown out. I prefer to say that if society would remove the high value it places on a BA, one-third of all present students wouldn't choose the option in the first place.

But don't ever expect the education system to wind down of its own accord. It is like a cancer and knows no boundaries to its promises or demands. Change, it seems to me, will only come from outside pressures. Perhaps someday IBM will realize it ought to stop recruiting at the college level and start at the high-school level. The first thing it does with college graduates is to teach them all about the real world. It would seem they would be better off to take high-school students, offer them a four-hour-a-day job in exchange for going to an IBM liberal arts college. There's no reason why IBM could not offer music, physics, English, chemistry and all the rest in a curriculum for their employees. Using jet-age teaching techniques they have open to them, the school in a year or two would probably rank in the top 10 per cent of all existing colleges.

In other words, our colleges and universities must be short-circuited for a while so they will grab hold of themselves and stop their blind, aimless drive for expansion's sake. What is happening now is of their own doing and I am not too uneasy about it. When they grow up, society will forgive them and continue to support them enthusiastically. □

THEATER

THE DEVELOPMENT OF EDWARD ALBEE

RICHMOND CRINKLEY

It will be a while yet before we know whether Edward Albee is a major playwright. But as a major playwright of our times (which may or may not be different from being a major playwright per se) Albee continues to be a problem, a focal point for contention, abused and abusing. His central virtue and his central fault, hypersensitivity, carry on a narcissistic war inside him that taints and embellishes everything he does. Hypersensitivity makes *All Over*, which opened in March at the Martin Beck theater, a beautiful and exciting piece of theater.

Albee's whole career has been a series of responses to other people's thrusts. His plays are derivative or imitative, much more so than the work of many other important playwrights, and his tendency to react to some fleeting theatrical mode has led to the

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creation of both his best and his worst work. *All Over* shares with *A Delicate Balance* the distinction of being Albee's most satisfying achievement.

All Over is one of those plays in which nothing much happens. Well and good, for if we are looking for a response to life, then the response is faithful, since in life nothing much happens either, at least not any more. We, the children of the Fifties, Sixties and Seventies, are conditioned to look at our experience as a prolonged doldrums, measured by the apocalypses which don't occur, by the conflicts which are never resolved, and by the rhythms which are repetitive rather than dynamic.

A man is dying in a room, unseen by the audience. His wife, mistress, children, best friend and doctor sit around talking about his end. He dies, but nothing has happened, for the play is over and we don't sense that his passing has changed much. His relationships had already atrophied with his body. The thrusts and counterthrusts among his querulous, impatient would-be mourners are arid, filling up time.

Albee's hypersensitivity has created an epitome of the mid-twentieth-century play. As in Pinter's *The Homecoming* or Beckett's *Waiting for Godot*, the main character is never onstage, only talked about. The dominant force in the play is some great other, never there, but a master, in his non-presence, of the people who inhabit the play. The plot is non-dynamic. That nothing happens is the basis of the action, and theater with Albee, in this play, comes as close to touching the life chords as it does in Beckett and Pinter and the other great non-dynamic playwrights of our time. And for once in Albee there is some reference to the time in which the play takes place.

All Over is, for one thing, a play about the end of the *haute monde*. One has a sense of hot Paris apartments, expensive gifts, insulation from the life on the street outside, concern with petty unrealities. It is an elegy for a particularly sterile social milieu, yet one with which, apparently, Albee has a certain affinity. *All Over* is not a play with a conscience but it is informed with an oblique reference to its times and is in and of its period.

As a person in the public eye and a playwright, Albee lives by assault and retreat. His response to criticism has too frequently been petty, as if he had failed to be elected governor of California, and with *All Over* he has con-

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tinued his useless dialogue with his critics, failing to trust the integrity of his work to time and failing to disregard the fallout that inevitably attends any theatrical event created by an important playwright.

One almost wishes that Albee had some stupefying theoretical criticism of the modern theater rather than the Drydenian catalog of bitchery which pervades his published interviews about his plays. With Albee we never have the sense of a giant ignoring gnats but rather of Tom Thumb fighting the pygmies. If one judges a man by the size of his enemies, Albee fails miserably.

And yet that is why *All Over* is a fine play. It is a big play about smallness, a hothouse of inarticulate fury that formalizes itself in *recherché* speech rhythms and chooses as its focal point a person rather than an idea. The production at the Martin Beck is fine, polished to a nice, false sheen. Just right. For *All Over* is true in its shimmering falseness. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

STEAL THIS BOOK, *by Abbie Hoffman (Pirate Editions, distributed by Grove Press, 308 pp., $1.95)*. Arthur Frommer, watch out. Dear Abbie's latest is a sort of *Ripping-Off Amerika on Minus $5 a Day* for citizens of Woodstock Nation, complete with diagrams on how to make molotov cocktails, lessons in getting the right gun to do the job, and other useful tidbits for survival in "Pig Empire," this "prison that is Amerika. It shows you where and exactly how to place the dynamite that will destroy the walls." Anyone cursed with a touch of crypto-Ludditism, like me, should enjoy some of Abbie's happier notions. My favorite, a sure-fire bet to end those postage-guaranteed return postcard thingies that clog up the postbox at home, is to paste the next one you get on a brick and drop it in the corner mailbox. Dr. Hoffman's investigations into the Post Office Conspiracy taught him that the company is required by law to pay the postage. "You can also get rid of all your garbage this way," he adds. But the light stuff in this sequel to Hoffman's *Revolution for the Hell of It* is sandwiched between the ugliness for which Abbie is beloved by the Left: little lessons on how to kill people, kick cops in the groin—friendly, friendly. Abbie's concern for The People is touching. For instance, in urging his brothers and sisters to rip-off retail stores, he forgets, or probably doesn't give a damn, that shoplifting accounts for part of the continued rise in retail prices. Thus, while

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Abbie's ideological siblings take for free, "the people" (like those little old welfare mothers he's always fretting about) get charged more. Such a friend of humanity, oy. The book's worth the reading by our side, but even if you steal it, that capitalist pig Hoffman still gets his cut, so how 'bout if Our People's Underworld just Xeroxes a thousand copies from my copy and mails one to anybody who sends in two bucks? All profits could go to the FBI Surveillance Fund.

D. J. C. BRUDNOY

EAMON DE VALERA, *by the Earl of Longford and Thomas P. O'Neill (Houghton, 499 pp., $12.50).* This is probably the most important book on de Valera yet written. It contains many heretofore unpublished documents, as well as information given the authors by de Valera, his family and his friends; he comes off as a much more sympathetic figure here than in previous biographies. Unfortunately, in making the case for de Valera, Longford and O'Neill are guilty of some rather serious lapses of scholarship. For example, they attempt to analyze the motives of Michael Collins, who opposed de Valera over the Treaty in 1921, without mentioning what Piaras Béaslaí says on the subject. They also ignore relevant statements in books they do use. For instance, at one point they quote a sentence from Frank O'Connor's book on Collins, to the effect that the members of the Treaty delegation did not know what de Valera or their fellow delegates were thinking. But they omit O'Connor's following sentences, which read: "Mr. Pakenham considers that de Valera showed 'a great flair for preserving harmony.' I should have said 'a great flair for masking essential issues.'" (Not incidentally, before Longford inherited his present title, he was known as Frank Pakenham.) A few pages later, they quote O'Connor's as saying: "Both Collins and Griffith put up as good a show as could be expected with de Valera's plan of external association. Unfortunately neither took it seriously." In fact, what O'Connor said was: "Unfortunately for de Valera, neither took it seriously." I suggest that this book is extremely valuable as a corrective to anti-de Valera accounts, but it is not a definitive history.

L. BRIDGES

ELEGY FOR CORSICA, *by Geoffrey Wagner (Southern Illinois University Press, 174 pp., $2.25).* Geoffrey Wagner's love of Corsica makes its way to us through a mass of details. He writes this book with statistics and anecdotes, all of them put down at a leisurely Mediterranean pace. I could love Cyprus greatly after reading Lawrence Durrell's *Bitter Lemons*, because Durrell recreated Cyprus from the inside, from the heart of the Cypriot people. On the other hand, Geoffrey Wagner, in *Elegy for Corsica*, is a reporter rather than a poet.

P. P. ARDERY, JR.

TRAGER

(Continued from page 586)

respectively to options 1 and 2.

4) Now announce that there will be no campaign for the "important question" and simultaneously table a U.S. (or friendly country) resolution on the admission of the PRC. The essence of this resolution should include the following features:

a) All divided nations (or states) shall be admitted to the UN. Essentially, this is the Willy Brandt formula of "one Germany, two governments." In this case is will be applicable to Germany, China, Korea, Vietnam and such others as may become divided nations, e.g., Pakistan, Laos.

b) In the instance of the Republic of China's membership on the Security Council either add the PRC or drop the RC and substitute one or more other countries, e.g., Japan, Brazil. This requires Charter revision. *Comment:* Charter revision is difficult, not impossible. The more important aspect of this option is 4a)—admission of divided nations. It avoids any decision on rival claims to the same territory; it offers time and negotiations for healing what may (or may not) be healed. It avoids the latent dangers of those who propose a "universal" membership clause which might operate as to exclude one or another of the governments of divided nations. That is, universal membership may be interpreted as a form of recognizing one government in one nation.

Obviously, those in the U.S. who have campaigned for a China policy of "containment without isolation" appear to have won over the Nixon Administration. For theoretically, we are still committed to *defend* the RC on Taiwan against aggression from the PRC or other aggressors; and at the same time improved relations with the PRC are promised as a result of this policy.

During the past two decades of Asian experience, I have supported with increasing loneliness the policy of containment with *maximum* isolation for Communist China and all other aggressors. But, obviously, this approach to policy—that is, to defend the possibility for freedom against its totalitarian aggressors—appears to be a lost cause. I can only hope that President Nixon's choice from among his limited options will avoid another defeat in what was once the Arc of Free Asia. □

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

John Brunner:
Song of Bernadette.

"Are you advocating the overthrow of the United States Government?" a reporter asked. Josephine Bernadette Devlin, member of the British Parliament, replied, "Let me congratulate the gentleman on his astuteness of mind. . . . Yes. But I can't do it. I'm busy overthrowing the government of Ireland."
(elision in original)

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VASQUEZ

(Continued from page 588)

length and dress, should be the very group which is enforcing a most rigid ideological conformity which it should be the purpose of a college education to extirpate.

My second dilemma is personal, and would afflict any non-megalomaniac in my position. With everyone expressing his or her certain knowledge that my views are not only heterodox but positively aberrant, I am becoming reflexive. I mean maybe England really was capitalistic in 1510. Maybe the Puerto Ricans really are languishing in Yankee imperialist chains; though you could prove that by no Puerto Rican save the Young Lords and their campus sycophants. I don't know, maybe *I'm* nuts. But if I am, I like my form of lunacy better than theirs and will continue to propagate it. □

OVEREND

(Continued from page 589)

Failing immediately to locate Hubbard, I talked to several members of the VVAW at their headquarters in Manhattan. They still remembered the Danang story, although some now emphasized that they had never really heard Hubbard tell it. Scott Moore, a 26-year-old former Army lieutenant, summed up the views of many, saying: "I really don't care whether Al was in Vietnam or not. He's a good man. That's all that counts."

That attitude wasn't shared, however, by the senior leaders of the group. Jan Crumb, the President, admitted he was concerned, and he indicated Moore's comment was primarily for my consumption. Said Crumb: "This matters to all of us, very much. But it's an internal problem for us to solve."

This happened on Friday, May 7. At the time Hubbard had been out of touch for several days. However, Crumb said I could expect a call from him the next week. Hubbard called on Monday morning, May 10. He said he was considering a lawsuit against the Defense Department and had demanded that they send him certain records. He said that until he received them he would make no comment. I asked him about the Danang air crash and he replied: "I told you, I will not cooperate with the media in any way."

Another source, however, was considerably more cooperative. On Thursday, May 13, saying he had seen Hubbard's medical record, this source said there is no mention at all of a 1966 air crash in Danang. There is, he said, a reference to a 1956 rib injury suffered during a basketball game, and a 1961 entry about a back injury suffered during a soccer game. And much later, in 1962, there was a reference by Hubbard to a 1956 plane crash, but nothing, according to the source, about any accident in Vietnam.

And that about wrapped it up. The Pentagon had answered all my questions except the ones touching on Al Hubbard's medical records. Al Hubbard had the opportunity to defend himself. Instead he chose to make no comment, and I was left to draw my own conclusions.

So what to do? First, of course, report it for my employer, CBS News. But the story required a longer telling than broadcast time permits. As a liberal, it had occurred to me that raising questions about Al Hubbard might hurt the antiwar movement, but as a journalist, it didn't seem that that should be a factor. I was wrong. No one would touch the story. Not David Sanford of the *New Republic*; not any other editor of any liberal publication, I contacted. □

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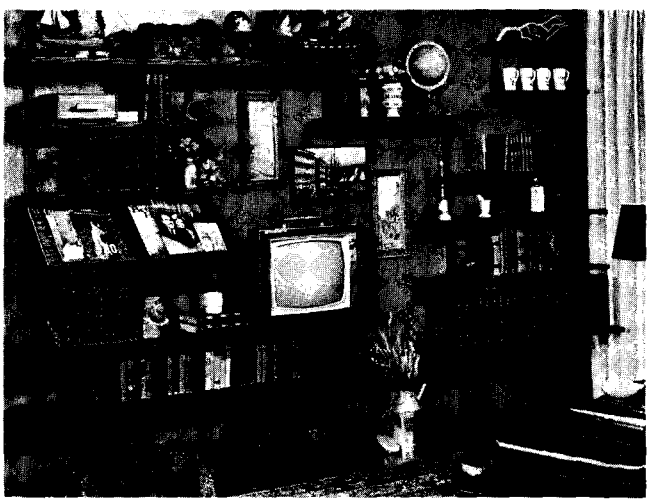

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

A. Schlesinger Ex-What?

On The Right

Boston, May 8—Every ten years or so, I meet with Professor Arthur Schlesinger Jr. in public debate, an experience I always find instructive, which is to say nothing of what Mr. Schlesinger must find it. This time around hostilities began early, when Mr. Schlesinger, making his way aft to the economy section of the New York-Boston flight, paused briefly to tease me for sitting, typewriter on my lap, in the first-class section. I retaliated, after we were under way, by asking the stewardess to deliver a package into which I had rolled a cigar, with the notation: "Arthur: This is my contribution to your last meal." After we landed at Boston, Professor Schlesinger told us that now he knew what was wrong with conservatives, they smoke such lousy cigars. I replied that we were given no choice by those who bungled the Bay of Pigs.

I confronted Mr. Schlesinger, during the debate, with the resolution of the Americans for Democratic Action, which called for the impeachment of Richard Nixon. He told the crowd he knew nothing about the resolution, although he did not contest that he continues to serve as vice chairman of the ADA: and managed to make it all sound as though I had made up the resolution. Tricky Arthur. Returning to the reception hall after the debate, the professor's captivating elderly mother turned to him and said, "Arthur, really, I do not believe that it is sensible to try to impeach President Nixon. To begin with, you would have to get all the facts absolutely straight . . ." "But Mother," Arthur said impatiently, "I had nothing to do with it!" "Even so," said Mrs. Schlesinger, the widow of the famous historian, lest her point be lost, "it really isn't a good idea, Arthur." I took pleasure, on bidding Mrs. Schlesinger goodnight, in telling her that I knew her son Tom, and that if you threw him in, you came out with an acceptable average among her two sons.

Mr. Schlesinger spent, as I expected, much time in the fashionable denunciation of the Vietnam war. In anticipation of which I poked around and culled a few statements concerning that war, which as an amateur historian I make available. It is, for instance, surely relevant to note, the week after the prestigious ADA decides to impeach Richard Nixon, the plank of the Democratic Party platform on the subject of Vietnam? The Democratic candidate, Mr. Humphrey, ran on a Vietnam plank, approved by the delegates in Chicago in the summer of 1968, that said:

"Our most urgent task is to end the war in Vietnam by an honorable and lasting settlement which respects the rights of all the people of Vietnam. . . . We reject as unacceptable a unilateral withdrawal of our forces which would allow that aggression and subversion to succeed." It is perfectly honorable to change one's mind. But it is surely something less than that to go about asking to impeach Richard Nixon because he seeks to implement the plank of the Democratic platform of two and a half years ago?

There are those who will say that the Democratic plank at Chicago was substantially different from true Democratic sentiment at Chicago, because Mayor Daley ran the show. That is of course a hobgoblinization of what happened in Chicago: after all, Hubert Humphrey is grown up, and if he had objected to the formulation, he was free to express his differences. But what was being said during that general period about Vietnam by the opposition: by Arthur Schlesinger, for instance?

In 1967 his views were solicited for a book of opinions on the Vietnam war. He wrote: "It seems to me meaningless to ask whether one is 'for' or 'against' the American intervention in Vietnam. That intervention, for better or for worse, is a fact. The real question today is whether one is 'for' the immediate termination of that intervention or 'for' its continuation until a negotiated settlement can be achieved. On this question, I am for a negotiated settlement."

And wait, there is more: "Obviously the Vietcong and Hanoi will not negotiate so long as they think they are going to win. Since a military stalemate is the self-evident and indispensable precondition to negotiation, the continued presence of American troops is plainly necessary."

Does that make Arthur Schlesinger, vice chairman of an organization that wants to impeach Richard Nixon for believing exactly the same thing that Arthur Schlesinger was preaching two or three years ago, a hawk? An ex-hawk? A repentant hawk? An incomplete ex-hawk? Hear what Mr. Schlesinger said, concerning Laos . . .

I am opposed to unilateral withdrawal, Mr. Schlesinger wrote, for several reasons, among them: "because of the effect it would have in neighboring countries, especially on the gallant struggle of the Laotian neutralists under Prince Souvana Phouma to maintain their independence. Also I find something distasteful about those sitting in ease in Europe and America who would righteously hand over a country to a tough Communist crew on the ground, evidently, that though they wouldn't much like Communism for themselves, it will be just great for the Vietnamese."

Yes indeed, Mr. Schlesinger was pretty emphatic on these points those days. Later in 1967 he wrote, "No serious American . . . has proposed unilateral withdrawal." Question: Is Senator McGovern a serious American? He proposes exactly that. Are Mr. Schlesinger's colleagues in the ADA who want to impeach Nixon, serious Americans? Indeed (Mrs. Schlesinger: Please leave the room, dear), is Arthur a serious American? □

THE ADA AND NIXON

New York, May 16—Well, well. So young Al Lowenstein is going around the country mobilizing the troops to dump Richard Nixon in 1972. That is the sober, responsible Al. The other Al recently got himself elected president of the Americans for Democratic Action, and I for one think that, like Papa Doc, Al should be elected President of ADA for life. I fear that they were meant for each other: which is too bad, because Al is a nice guy, and ADA is pretty unpleasant.

The most important act of the 24th Annual Convention of the ADA was a resolution to impeach President Richard Nixon. Impeach him for "high crimes" in Indochina. This makes Mr. Lowenstein's activities in New Hampshire and elsewhere rather formalistic. If Richard Nixon is guilty of high crimes, sufficient to impeach him, it is hardly appropriate to go about the country urging that he be defeated in a mere general election. To engage in the latter activity is to suggest that the former commitment is frivolous. Rather as if the generals engaged in the July 20 plot to assassinate Hitler paused,

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early in July, to launch a grass-roots movement to recall Hitler as chancellor.

Really, the liberals are something—one needs to remind oneself how very kooky they can be. The ADA, remember, is the organized intelligentsia of American liberalism. The last president of it was the Reverend Joseph Duffey, the quiet, fervent man of the people, who set out to save Connecticut from Dodd, and gave Connecticut a Republican senator. The president before that was none other than John Kenneth Galbraith, liberalism's Disraeli: the philosopher-king. Perhaps the next most conspicuous member is Arthur Schlesinger Jr., then Joseph Rauh Jr., James Wechsler: the lot of them.

What do they have in common? Above all, their early devotion to Franklin Delano Roosevelt. Out of that devotion developed an ultramontanism not known outside the Roman Curia. Anything Roosevelt did was all right, and any challenge to Roosevelt's executive prerogatives was reactionary, nihilistic and anarchistic. Roosevelt used to make secret commitments in behalf of the United States every couple of weeks, with extras on Halloween—armies to Iceland, fleets to the Mediterranean, Marines to Singapore. Never mind, we were the arsenal of democracy, you couldn't do business with Hitler, we had to shoulder the responsibilities of a great power, had to have a strong President. Impeach Roosevelt? You might as well impeach the Statue of Liberty.

It was the same with Harry Truman, one of the most imperious Presidents the United States ever had, who used to love to flirt with rampant unconstitutionality, seizing steel mills and taking us to war in Korea without even sending Congress a postcard. It was Truman who also refused, insisting on the executive prerogative, to give to duly-constituted committees of Congress information Congress demanded in order to pursue lawful inquiries. The ADA cheered: oh, how it cheered, egging on the Presidential arm of government. If John F. Kennedy had asked for a constitutional amendment to give him the right to eliminate the Republican Party and torture its leaders, it could not have failed to pass unanimously through the Americans for Democratic Action. And so it went.

UNTIL LBJ and Vietnam. Up until that moment, it had simply never occurred to the gentlemen of the ADA that it was possible to have an American President who pursued policies substantially different from those the ADA would pursue, if the ADA were President.

Oh, how they laughed ten years ago when Robert Welch announced that his solution to it all was to IMPEACH EARL WARREN. They threw up their hands in constitutional disgust in 1966, when a few uninformed conservatives in Idaho undertook to recall Senator Frank Church, in punishment for his opposition to the Vietnam war. Now they want to impeach Nixon, who was executing policies pursuant to an all but unanimous resolution of both Houses of Congress, carried forward by the inertial commitments of two Democratic Presidents; whose policies in Indochina are fully congruent with the pledges he made to the people of the United States, in partial recognition of which he was elected President in 1968. Impeach Richard Nixon! ADA's latest contribution to American political understanding.

It is recorded that when Al Lowenstein called his lovely wife to advise her that he had been made president of ADA, she said to him: "I know Mrs. Roosevelt is sitting up there smiling." There can be absolutely no doubt about it. Though I expect that by now, FDR has told her, "No, Eleanor. It doesn't work that way." □

REAGAN AND TAXES

New York, May 20—The reports from California are that Governor Ronald Reagan is gravely wounded by the admission that he did not pay any state taxes last year. California is so straitened economically that the idea of a millionaire like Governor Reagan not paying taxes, while bakers and candlestick makers are required to do so, has outraged the public conscience.

Etc. etc.

Now the thing of it is this: if the great California public is in fact outraged by such a datum, then the obligation of the thoughtful members of the California community, whether they are Republicans or Democrats, is clearly to instruct the public in the facts of life. The facts of life are that one pays taxes according to whether one owes taxes. The tax laws are passed after public debate; passed, last time around in California's case, by a legislature dominated by the Democratic Party. If those laws are evil, why not change them? To blame Ronald Reagan for filling out his tax forms with reference to what the law says, is like blaming Rockefeller for receiving the Social Security checks the computer will send him, or a rich farmer for accepting a rainfall on his crops.

Somebody, giving pause to the demagogic imperative to tirade against wealthy men, should point out that if a rich man pays no taxes "because of business reverses," that means that he is—net—less well off than he would have been if he had paid taxes.

Take Governor Reagan. I know nothing of his personal finances, and would go out of my way not to find out about them; but, after all, tax laws deal with hypotheses. Let us suppose that in addition to his $44,000 salary from the state of California, he has an income from investments of $56,000—so that we can deal in round figures. All right, suppose that during the previous tax year he put $100,000 into a personally owned business, or into a partnership. Suppose then that the business failed, or that if it was a partnership, his losses in the partnership that failed, were $100,000. Result: his net take during that year was: $100,000. Loss, $100,000. Are the people of California suggesting that someone in such a situation should pay taxes? Taxes are supposed to be paid on net income.

And one would think, from the noise being made, that there are those who seek out such a situation. If Reagan had no losses, he'd have paid, say, $50,000 in taxes: but he would have been left with $50,000. How is that situation not to be preferred?

What about the loopholes? Well, up until the tax year in question, interest payments were fully deductible. Suppose that Reagan had borrowed $1 million to finance a venture or other, paying interest at 10 per cent—or $100,000. Where is the net income?

FINALLY THERE IS the matter of the governor's house. Here is how it was described in the *New York Times*. "[Governor Reagan] lives in a house for which the state pays $15,000 rental. It is not clear whether he includes the house rental as income, but the rules for other people would require that they include it, tax accountants said." Said tax accountants should be led back to school, because they are very ignorant, and they are deceiving the public, courtesy of the *Times*. The law says that the rental value of a residence which is maintained for the convenience of an employer is specifically not taxable. Ronald Reagan lives in Sacramento because the law says that governors of the state of California must live in Sacramento: and said governors are expected to maintain a residence suitable for entertaining assemblymen and senators and newspaper reporters who, when they drink the booze and eat the minced ham, will not torment themselves with the question whether they should pay taxes on the bounty they are receiving from the taxpayers of California. Ronald Reagan has a great big unused house in Los Angeles, which is where he lives and will go back to one of these days, when he is through doing what he can for the state of California, and exposing himself to the calumny of people whose income, in many cases, depends on their capacity for demagogy. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. Label used by Theodore Roosevelt, the elder LaFollette, and Henry A. Wallace — 96 7 30 67 119 155 166 169 174 76 / 86

B. King of England, 925-940 — 39 79 49 2 151 92 153 55 19

C. *To establish again* — 115 171 106 131 182 56 68 5 185

D. To put in working order — 41 163 13 80 104 57

E. The Democrats might nominate him in '72 (not Symington!) — 128 118 138 16 43 95 145 25 59

F. A book of the Bible — 134 97 61 170 35 82 161 148 143

G. What the 18th Amendment tried to do — 184 180 98 8 62 113 139 26

H. Nickname of a Democratic President — 18 58 140 85 181 45 126 51 65 89

I. Where so-called Moderates are headed — 125 78 38 71 52 88 99 70

J. What a dictator rules with — 32 142 83 186 27 46 162 177

K. What a certain musician does — 48 109 122 100 29

L. These are sometimes called outlaws — 64 102 152 124 120 87

M. A U. S. representative from Colorado, 1941-1949, 1951-1965 — 135 72 9 47 158 123 33 105 133

N. An *ancient* Semitic goddess — 150 90 121 34 136 21 73 110 160

O. Certain crustaceans — 112 6 54 74 20 28 40 42

P. An Austrian composer — 157 1 15 36 50 60 167 69 91 101 / 127

Q. A theater — 63 164 53 146 176 129 114 23 111

R. Lacking order — 77 10 107 173 178 93 24 66

S. An organization that promotes an important branch of national defense — 84 4 31 12 117 165 14 149 22 44

T. A kind of toenail — 147 81 116 11 141 130 94

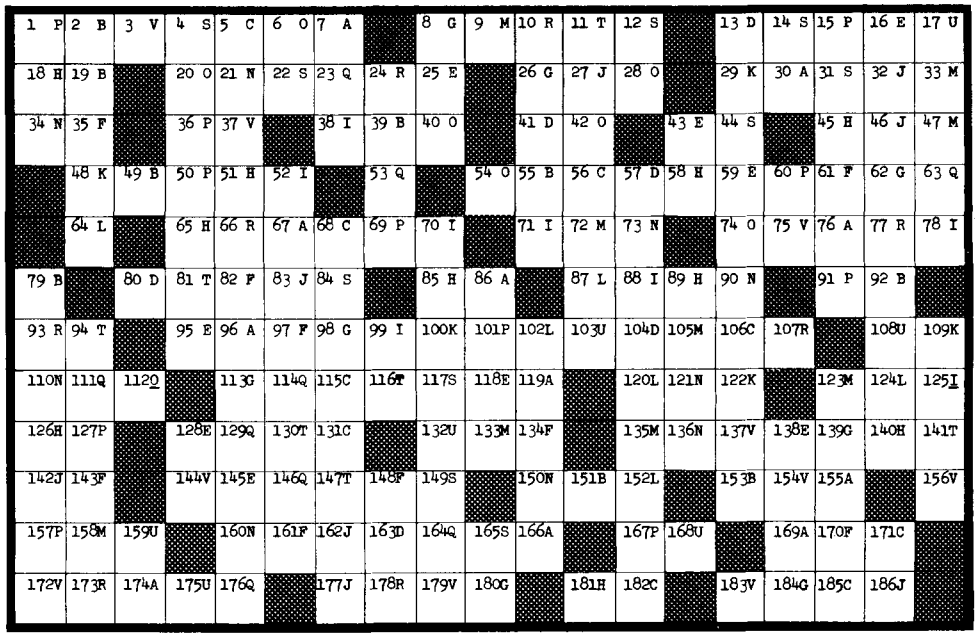
U. The largest of living birds — 168 17 132 159 103 175 108

V. A town in Eastern Missouri — 3 75 137 144 154 172 179 183 156 37

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 606 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram



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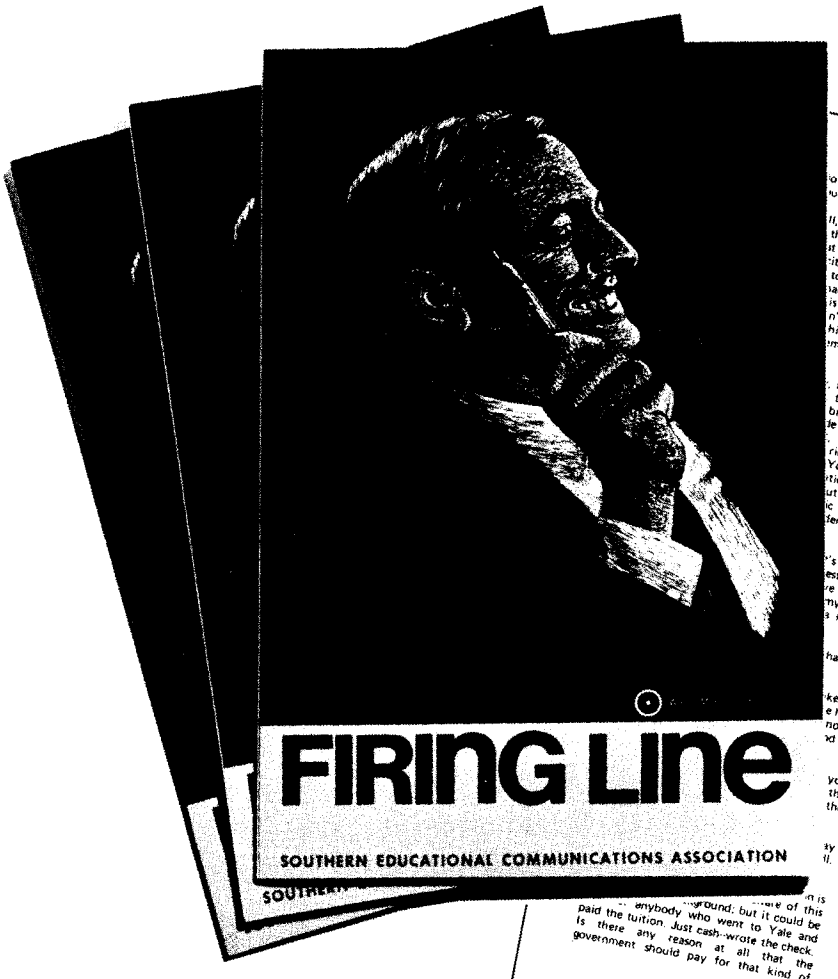
Read any good TV lately?



Excerpt from FIRING LINE program "Separation of Church and State" with guest Madalyn Murray O'Hair

...o the Jews call their ...u know.

...ll, they don't actually... ...that I think we should ...st is that when ...itizen--says, that "I ...to dispose of no less ...an is disposed of by ...is raised from the ...n't consider that he ...hing on anybody. I ...mentary canon of

...I want to ride a ...that since I am ...bicycle, that the ...le me with a ...then they are ...ride a bicycle. ...You are saying ...tion for your ...ut them in the ...ic schools are ...democracy of

...'s none of ...estions. I'm ...re the right ...my child. I ...s right to

...have the

...ken, it ...e has a ...not to ...d my

...you ...the ...the

...ly ...ll.

...n is ...ground; but it could be ...anybody who went to Yale and paid the tuition. Just cash--wrote the check. Is there any reason at all that the government should pay for that kind of

education. I don't think that there is. I think that those persons who can afford it should pay for it. I believe in the free enterprise system for the Roman Catholic Church. It should be self-supported by those persons to whom the principles are...

MR. BUCKLEY: But you see, I honestly don't believe, if I may say so, and I'm going to say this very respectfully, in the sincerity of your analysis. I think that what you want to do is do anything in the world that you can to hurt the churches in America. I am this consistent. I know, for instance, in Finland, only five percent of the people go to church on Sunday. We're the highest--forty-three percent; Netherlands is forty-two, and Finland is at the other end of the scale. Now, I think my system ought to prevail in Finland, also. So that...I think that you don't have to get involved in the religious argument in order to try to understand the elements of distributive justice in a free society, which is that people ought to have whatever it seems like others have.

MRS. O'HAIR: But you're asking for socialism; you're asking for collectivism; you're asking for all persons to pay for that which you want...when you should have the burden of this yourself. Let me tell you the atheist position, please. Our position is this: If you want to be religious, you have a right to be religious. If you want to pray, you have a right to pray. If you want to build schools to teach your children religion, this is your business. If you want Sunday schools, alright, go ahead, build them. If you want your own churches, hospitals, your own mother of the year, nominate her--who cares? Nobody cares; the only thing we do is say to you "Will you finance this yourself?"; since nobody's interested in it but just you.

MR. BUCKLEY: To which I reply, will you have left me any money, after you have taken it all for what purposes you desire.

MRS. O'HAIR: Well, if you want to use your money for religion, this is the...

MR. BUCKLEY: But I'm saying that my money is something which ought to be conceived of as something which is there before the tax collector comes.

MRS. O'HAIR: Now I'm an atheist and I believe, with Thomas Jefferson, that to impel a man to provide money for a belief,

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